



No. 422.—VOL. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN AND STUART, RICHMOND.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King at Homburg—Royal Fête-Days—The Suite of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—A Memorial to Queen Victoria—The King of Portugal's Regiment.

THE Castle at Homburg, where His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser is staying, is a favourite residence with the German Emperor. It is his headquarters whenever military manœuvres are taking place in the neighbourhood; it is conveniently near to Cronberg, where the Empress Frederick lives at Friedrichshof, and it is a social centre. At Homburg the great tennis tournaments take place yearly, and the Kaiser, by his patronage, and often by his presence, encourages the officers of his Army to take part in them. One of the principal championship contests is confined to German officers only, and the winner of it is always brought to the personal notice of the Emperor. One of the matters regarding his Army which occupies the mind of the Kaiser is the difficulty of inducing the officers to take sufficient exercise when away from the drill-field. The practice of the officers of the British Army is continually put before them, and it is good to know that, in one matter at least, our much-to-be-reformed Army is considered an example to be copied by our Continental critics. The Castle at Homburg is plainly furnished, being intended more as a shooting-box and an Army headquarters than a palace for Royal entertainment.

Before His Majesty started on his journey to Germany, he settled what days are in future to be considered Royal fête-days and on which salutes are to be fired. The Coronation Day and Accession Day of Her late Majesty are no longer to be observed, but her birthday is to be still commemorated. The birthdays of the Royal Princes and Princesses, including that of Prince Edward of York, are, of course, left in the list, as before. The more important question of the date of the national holiday on, or in celebration of, the King's Birthday still remains for His Majesty's decision. There are not only the millions of the United Kingdom interested in this matter, but also the hundreds of millions of the Empire at large. November in England is not a month during which the loyal subjects are as grateful for a day to be spent in the open air as they are for one in May; but, in India, May is a month of intense heat, whereas in November the first cool breezes of the coming winter bring a delicious promise of pleasant days to the parched lands. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, China all have a right to consideration.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have inspected the *Ophir*, their floating palace *en voyage* to and from Australia, and the members of the little Court which is to accompany them on their voyage have been appointed. Most of the ladies and gentlemen of the suite have been known to the Duke and Duchess for many years. Lady Katharine Coke was Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Teck. The Hon. Derek Keppel, who is a Major in the Civil Service Rifles, is the Equerry-in-Waiting to the Duke. Sir Arthur Bigge was Private Secretary to Her Majesty the late Queen. Sir Charles Cust has been Equerry to the Duke since 1892. Canon Dalton, of St. George's, Windsor, was Deputy-Clerk of the Closet in Ordinary to Her late Majesty. Mr. Sydney Hall has been allowed the privilege of making many drawings of their Majesties the King and Queen and their family in their home life, and the *Châvaller de Martino* was Marine Painter to the late Queen. Lord Wenlock was a very successful Governor of Madras; Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace has had vast experience as a traveller, was private secretary to two Viceroy's in India, and was the Political Officer attached to the suite of the present Czar when he made a tour through India.

One of the subjects which is much discussed in the Clubs at the present time is the form which the memorial to the late Queen should take. There seems to be a general consensus of opinion that the memorial should consist of a fund and a monument, but as to the nature of the fund and the site for the monument there are as many opinions as there are men taking part in the discussion. The promoters of every charity think that the especial good work they are interested in should now be put, once and for all, outside the possibility of ever again experiencing financial hindrance; but I think that a majority of probable subscribers to the fund regard some great hospital scheme—an amplification, perhaps, of the charity established by His present Majesty—as the most suitable tribute to the memory of the kindest and most sympathetic of Queens, who had a very tender heart for all her suffering or wounded subjects. The monument, it is agreed on all sides, must be as splendid as art can make it.

The appointment of His Majesty the King of Portugal to the Colonelcy of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry is particularly appropriate, for the 43rd Light Infantry and the 52nd Light Infantry, which are now the 1st and 2nd Battalions respectively of the regiment, fought shoulder-to-shoulder with the Portuguese troops during the campaigns of the Peninsular War, and can show such a long list of "honours" as Vimiera, Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, and Toulouse. His Majesty could not have been appointed to a more distinguished regiment.

If there is any gratification in knowing that our neighbours behave worse than we do, our Members of Parliament can read of the doings of the Austrian Reichsrath and be happy. Our Irish members try to talk Erse, but they do not accompany this cruelty by trying to throw paper and inkstands at the occupants of the Front Government-Bench. The Czechs, when checked for using their native language, do.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Another Election—Municipalities and Mud—The Badly Lighted 'Bus—Suburban Death-Traps—The Overhead Wire—Raising the Siege of Fleet Street.

IT came upon me as a bit of a surprise last Friday that we had another election in view. I knew, of course, that the London County Council would have to be renewed in the spring, but I did not realise that it was so close until I read the list of nominations in my paper. It is possible to have too much of a good thing, and we had such a dose of elections last autumn that I sincerely hope this will be the last for some time to come. We used to think—at least, a good many of us did—that it was a fine thing to vote, and that we all were going to regenerate mankind and set the world straight in no time; but, somehow, things jog on much as they used to, and rates and taxes increase much faster than weekly salaries. I hope the worthy men who may be elected this time will do their work honestly and well, will not grind their own axes more than is decent, and will sometimes think of the interests of "The Man in the Street" with at least a small fraction of the warmth with which they address him when they want his vote. But to expect enthusiasm for the ballot-box in this century is asking too much. After all, I dare say that our elective bodies are, on an average, not much less intelligent than, say, the Empress-Dowager of China.

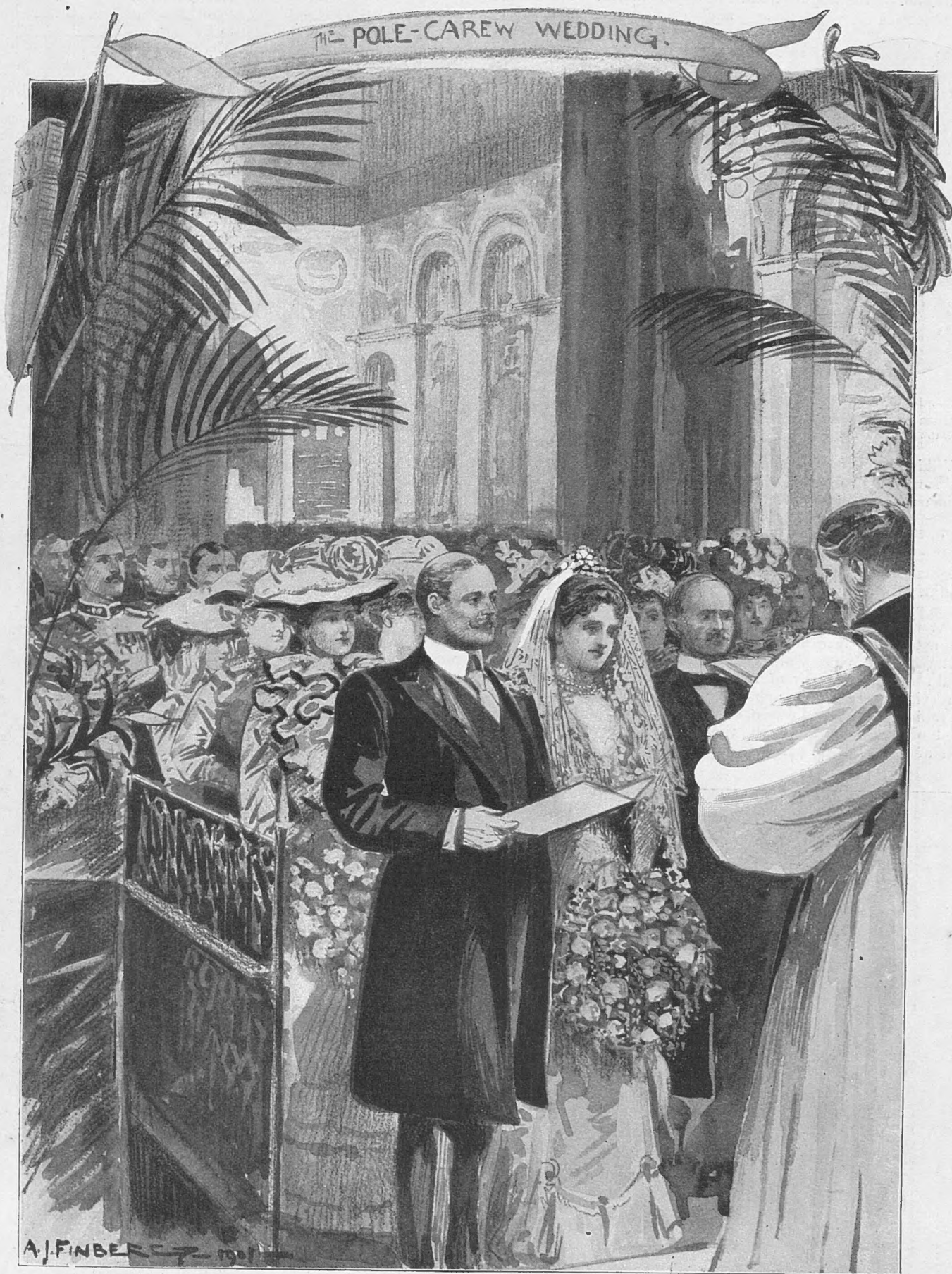
We go on electing people; but the more we elect, the dirtier our streets get whenever there happens to be a drop of rain or a sprinkling of snow. I know perfectly well from long experience that this is always someone else's business, and that, if you can catch one of our Municipal Governors at an election-time, when those lofty personages unbend to "The Man in the Street," he will always explain that the cleaning of the streets is not the affair of the body to which he belongs, but of some other. Our Municipal Governors are like the War Office: it is impossible to bring responsibility home to them. This is the last time "The Man in the Street" will have the chance of grumbling at any of them while they are in the position of mere mortals, and the condition of the streets is a matter of utmost importance to the man who has to walk in them. I live in hopes of seeing a County, or a Borough, or a something else Councillor half-drowned in one of those seas of liquid mud which exist in London, although they are not marked on any map that I have ever seen.

I see that an Omnibus Company has been grumbling at the competition of the "Twopenny Tube," and at the consequent falling off of receipts. "The Man in the Street" has a real liking for the lumbering but useful old 'bus, but the companies have only themselves to blame if many of us prefer the "Tube" in these dull days. Setting aside the better temperature, an advantage which is quite balanced by having to be let down a well to get at it, the greatest comfort of all is that in the "Tube" one is able to see to read. The "Twopenny" is lighted with electricity all through, and, if a man has twenty minutes' run to get home, he can read all the way in perfect comfort, whereas in a 'bus he often has to put in forty minutes of sitting staring straight in front of him in a sort of twilight which effectually puts a stopper on any attempt to read the paper. There used to be some talk of lighting 'buses with electricity. I venture to say that the well-lighted 'bus would never want for passengers.

Talking of 'buses reminds one of the smash at Chiswick last week, though this seems to have been in no degree the fault of the 'bus. It is incredible that there should be still any of these dangerous level-crossings in the suburbs of London in parts where the 'buses run; but, as everyone knows, there are plenty between Chiswick and Acton. I myself know of four, and a footpath across a line, which makes five in all. Level-crossings are dangerous anywhere; they certainly ought not to be allowed in the outskirts of London. Of course, even as short a time ago as when those railways were made, the roads they crossed were mere country-lanes, yet, within the memory of most of us, the town has spread out over the green fields and has changed the lanes into streets or 'bus-routes. It is high time that the bridge-maker were let loose.

The details of the Liverpool electric-wire accident hardly bear reading. The tortures those poor fellows suffered from the "live" wires must have been awful, and yet something of the same sort might happen to any one of us any day. In some places the streets are almost roofed in with a network of wires, and a fall of snow or a high wind might bring these wires down upon our heads. Even if the wires were not "live," their fall from such a height would cut a man in two, like a knife going through butter, and, personally, I am not anxious to make the experiment. Some day, perhaps, we shall have all wires, whether telegraph or telephone, underground, and shall wonder how in the world we ever tolerated them overhead. In those days there will be a great tunnel, or tube, under each main-street, and all pipes and wires will run along it.

A splendid opportunity of making such a tunnel has been lost during the past few months, when half London has been pecked up. Such a chance won't occur again for many years, but, as I have been having a bit of a grumble, I should like to congratulate the Sappers and Miners (or whatever their official names and titles may be) on having finished making dongas in Fleet Street.



THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR-GENERAL R. POLE-CAREW AND LADY BEATRICE BUTLER

AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

Although dimmed by a most ungallant fog, the wedding of Lady Beatrice Butler and Major-General Reginald Pole-Carew was a very cheery function, the wonderful beauty of the bride, as was poetically observed by one of the Irish soldiers present, literally lighting up the church! Indeed, the Guards' Chapel can never have looked more beautiful. — Stafford House has seen during the Old Century many notable bridal, many lovely brides, but no more brilliant gathering and no happier-looking couple than Lady Beatrice and General Pole-Carew, who left for the latter's Western home, Antony, amid the heartiest good wishes of their friends

MR. JOSEPH LOFTUS WILKINSON.

EVERYONE privileged to witness the recent Royal functions at Paddington Terminus, of which His Majesty the King was the centre of interest, must have recognised in the well-ordered proceedings the masterly guiding-hand of Mr. Joseph Loftus Wilkinson, the exceedingly able General Manager of the Great Western Railway.



MR. J. L. WILKINSON,
GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GREAT WESTERN
RAILWAY COMPANY.

Lieutenant-Colonel of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, and an Associate of the Institution of Civil Engineers, he is one of the most serviceable members of the Army Railway Council, and, as such, was greeted with gratifying heartiness by Earl Roberts on his arrival at Paddington.

A public servant of exceptional usefulness, Mr. Wilkinson has been a hard worker all his life. His railway experience has been very varied. He occupied for many years the position of Chief Goods Manager of the Great Western Railway Company, and for a considerable time he was General Manager of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway. It was in the July of 1896 that Mr. Wilkinson was appointed General Manager of the Great Western, with a mileage of over 2600 to control and safeguard. As I have intimated,

upon Mr. Wilkinson devolved the arrangements in connection with the conveyance from London to Windsor and back of the Royalties and illustrious mourners who attended the funeral of the late Queen. All the arrangements worked without the slightest hitch, reflecting great credit upon the General Manager and the officials of the company.

The facility with which large bodies of troops can be dealt with at Paddington Station was strikingly illustrated upon the occasion of the Royal Funeral, when, upon Mr. Wilkinson's suggestion, the whole of the procession passed through the Station, instead of partially breaking up outside, as was originally contemplated.

Another noteworthy feature was the formation from the clerical staff of the Great Western Company of a body of interpreters, who travelled by the Royal trains with a view of rendering every possible assistance, and their services were highly appreciated. It is a source of great satisfaction to find the Great Western, one of the oldest and best ordered and officered of lines, moving with the times under the excellent management of Mr. J. L. Wilkinson.



Fearless Footsteps. Cleughbrae.

FEARLESS FOOTSTEPS, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP (SECOND YEAR),
IN THE SLIPS WITH CLEUGHBRAE FOR THE DECIDING COURSE.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES'S WAR-PICTURES.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES has brought back from South Africa a collection of war-sketches that form a highly successful and attractive exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street. He has not attempted actual battle-pictures, with their ordinary accompaniment of smoke, cavalry charges, and wounded soldiers in the foreground, but has rather depicted scenes arising from or associated with the military operations, especially those wherein effects of colour have tempted artistic treatment. There are several landscapes with poetical twilight settings that offer no suggestion of deadly strife, but there are also pictures of more warlike character—the "C.I.V. on the March," the troop showing boldly against a sunset sky; characteristic types of "Boer Prisoners"; a "Transport in Difficulties," the waggon being laboriously dragged up a river-bank; and "Firing the 6-inch Guns," a remarkably effective work. No less striking are the numerous portraits of Lord Roberts, especially where he is "Watching the Battle of Osofontein," General Hector Macdonald, General French, and other notabilities, including Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Winston Churchill; while the representation of the rugged features of "General Cronjé and Major Albrecht" against a background of tender colour produced by the setting sun particularly demands attention.

THE LATE HARRY MONKHOUSE.

MIRTH-MAKERS are not so plentiful on the stage that the lamentably early death of that rare laughter-lifter, Harry Monkhouse, should be dismissed in the few curt lines devoted to his demise in an important daily paper. It was undoubtedly with deepest regret that numberless playgoers learnt that this popular comedian died, in what should have been the prime of life, of acute pneumonia at St. Thomas's Hospital on the 18th inst.

Harry Monkhouse (whose real name was McKie) was but 47. A natural humorist, he was undeniably a public benefactor whose exquisite sense of fun drove dull care from hosts of people, whose hearts he cheered at the Gaiety Theatre. One of the prime favourites of Mr. George Edwardes's sparkling Gaiety Company, Harry Monkhouse will possibly be remembered most for the jocund drolery of his amorous Monk in "The Runaway Girl." The tall burlesque actor's mock love-making with plump little Connie Ediss was full of rich humour, and was invariably followed by peals of laughter.

The genius of Harry Monkhouse should not go unremembered. The Management and patrons of the Gaiety Theatre should unite with his professional brothers and sisters to subscribe for a statue to place over his grave—a monument of Harry Monkhouse in one of his best parts, to recall the mirthful features of the blithe comedian whose loss we all mourn.



MR. HARRY MONKHOUSE AS MR. BRIERLY IN
"A GAITY GIRL."

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand

The last Covent Garden Ball saw the Royal perruquier and costurmer, Mr. W. Clarkson, very successful with his novel fancy-dresses. He took the first gentleman's prize with "Old Heads on Young Shoulders," and the second prize with "Our Friend William" (the German Emperor in military uniform). Mr. Clarkson's "Pancake" and King Charles the First's costumes also secured prizes, as they well deserved.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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The above is from a pen-and-ink sketch of the Great Portrait of Queen Victoria by Benjamin Constant. The *Illustrated London News* will shortly issue five hundred Photogravures, all Artist's Proofs, each one signed, numbered, and stamped. Price Ten Guineas.

This Painting is the last one from life, and was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. As orders are now being received steadily from all quarters of the globe, intending subscribers should send in their orders at once to The Publisher, 198, Strand, W.C.

FEARLESS FOOTSTEPS' WATERLOO CUP.

OF late years the Waterloo Cup has been falling from its once high estate. Interest in the contest was at its highest when Master M'Grath ran up his big sequence of wins, and it was revived after Fullerton had captured the Cup a second time. Now that Fearless Footsteps has just repeated her victory of last year, the critics are suggesting a revival of interest over the affair. Many people thought the commencement would have been postponed this year, on account of the blizzard that raged all over the country. Strange to relate, however, the Altcar slopes were highly favoured in matters meteorological, and a start was made true to time. The coursing on the first two days was exciting enough; but many favourites were beaten, owing, perhaps, to their having spent too much time in idleness. The last four dogs left in the Cup were Fearless Footsteps and Farndon Ferry, the property of Messrs. Fawcett; Cleughbrae, who belongs to Mr. P. Clark; and Lady Husheen, the property of Dr. Rutherford Harris, the well-known South African magnate. In the semi-final, Farndon Ferry and Lady Husheen went under, and the deciding course was contested by Fearless Footsteps and Cleughbrae. The first-named gained an easy victory, and thus won for the second year in succession.

Mr. J. H. Bibby, the popular Hon. Sec. of the Altcar Club, nominated the winner. The runner-up, it should be added, had never before appeared in public. Coomassie and Miss Glendyne won the Waterloo Cup twice, Master M'Grath three times, and Fullerton, including a division, four times. Messrs. Fawcett, I should add, won the Waterloo Cup in 1896 with Fabulous Fortune, and they have run up for the trophy no end of times. They have a good chance of taking the Cup next year with Farndon Ferry, who was very unlucky this year to be beaten by the ultimate winner in the semi-final. Tom Wright, who trains these dogs, is a master of the art, but it must not be overlooked that he has some good material to work upon. The moral of it all is that the Waterloo Cup, like the Grand National, is very likely to be won by an animal that has performed well over the course before. Fearless Footsteps is a third-season bitch, by Fabulous Fortune—Fille de Feu. The great coursing event has lost its hold on the public away from the spot, but the return of its popularity may be looked for with the second win of Fearless Footsteps.

The Lecturers and Honorary Staff of the Dental Hospital of London have generously contributed a special donation of two thousand pounds towards the building of the new hospital in Leicester Square, which is now nearing completion.

"The Tragedy of an Ideal," an original Novel in a Nutshell, was first published in *The Sketch* last September, and was coolly "conveyed" by the *New York Journal* on Jan. 27, when it was printed under the title of "The Triumph of a Selfish Woman." Perhaps the Editor of the *New York Journal* will in future have the common courtesy to apply for permission to reproduce *The Sketch* stories, and will, meantime, make amends by forwarding the customary fee to Miss A. Constance Smedley, the clever authoress, who naturally complains of his peculiar proceeding.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring **ABSOLUTE ACCURACY** in the matters of **NAMES and DATES**, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "*The Sketch*," 198, Strand, London.



WATERLOO CUP MEETING: THE COURSE BETWEEN ATTORNEY AND ABBEY FLOREGATE.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

King Edward and the Empress Frederick.

Our Sovereign's first visit to the Continent since his Accession takes place under sad circumstances, and deep sympathy could not but follow His Majesty to Friedrichshof, the Empress Frederick's splendid Castle in the Taunus Mountains. The ties between Queen Victoria's two eldest children have always been exceptionally close and tender, notwithstanding the fact that the Prince of Wales was only fifteen when the Princess Royal became Princess Frederick of Prussia. During the Heir-Apparent's tour in the Holy Land, he collected flowers from each famous spot for his eldest sister, and it is in a great measure thanks to His Majesty that the Empress has remained so well acquainted with all the philanthropic and social happenings of her beloved country.

Queen Alexandra at Sandringham.

During the absence of King Edward in Germany, his Consort will remain at Sandringham, greatly to the joy of Her Majesty's humble friends and neighbours, who naturally feared that Windsor Castle would become more than their Majesties' official residence. But nowhere so truly as in her Norfolk home can the Queen enjoy a period of real rest after the many fatiguing and moving emotions of the last months. As has been Queen Alexandra's custom for many years past, Her Majesty will spend King Christian's birthday in Denmark. The venerable Sovereign will be eighty-two on April 8, and it is expected that most of his descendants will gather together to wish him joy.

The King and Queen's "Dear Old Home."

Though there is now no doubt that their Majesties intend to make Buckingham Palace their London residence, who can doubt that they will ever prefer the beautiful mansion which has now been for close on forty years the Sovereign and his Consort's town-house? It was at Marlborough House that their Majesties' children, with the one exception of the little Prince who lived only one day, were born. It was from there that their elder and their younger daughters were married, and in the stately Georgian rooms Her Majesty has entertained all those who were nearest and dearest to her, including the late Queen of Denmark, who was specially fond of her eldest daughter's London home.

A Private House? Much scorn has been poured on those ill-fated scribes who thought it possible that Marlborough House would be sold to the present owner of Blenheim, for the Heir-Apparent's erstwhile residence is not private property, but belongs to the Crown. On the other hand, the then Prince of Wales paid over a thousand pounds in rates to St. Martin's Parish, the mansion being considered a private house for taxation purposes, and the many improvements effected in the interior of the house were all carried out at the future Sovereign's own expense, and not, as would have been the case with any one of the Royal Palaces, at public cost.

Palatial Apartments and Functions.

In spite of the above facts, Marlborough House can truly claim to be a Palace, and there some very notable functions have taken place, notably in the beautiful dining-room, where covers can easily be laid for sixty. It was there that were always kept many of the then Prince and Princess of Wales's wedding-presents. The drawing-room, also a very large and lofty apartment, is very charming, and contains some fine statuary, the personal property of their Majesties. The carpet, which has been pressed by the feet of so many of the greatest men and women who graced the Victorian era, was presented to the beloved Princess on the occasion of her marriage, and will certainly be moved either to Buckingham Palace or to Windsor. The study, where the future Sovereign got through so much really hard work, and which will, in due course, pass into the possession of the Heir-Apparent, is a

very plainly furnished room, panelled in walnut-wood, everything being arranged with a view to business. The old-fashioned pedestal deck-table once belonged to the Prince Consort; the desk portion, shutting with a spring, possesses a very intricate lock, and so can be opened only with a golden key which the King wears on his watch-chain.

The boudoir, where Queen Alexandra as Princess of Wales spent much of her time, is a charming apartment recalling rather the cosy corner of some great country-house than a London sitting-room. There Her Majesty has always kept many of her choicest treasures, including the set of well-worn books which were used by the King when he was content to be a studious undergraduate. Innumerable portraits of the various Royal Families with whom their Majesties are closely connected form the one great feature of the boudoir at Marlborough House, and there can be no doubt that Her Majesty will feel it a terrible wrench to give up the room in which she has spent so many hours of both happiness and sorrow, and where she entertained during the early years of her married life many devoted friends who have now passed over to the majority.

The King's Regiments.

His Majesty's name has been removed from the roll of Field-M Marshals in the current Army List, but it now appears on the first page, where it is recorded that the King ranks as a Field-Marshal from May 29, 1875. Five regiments can now claim the honour of having at the head of their list of officers the words "The King." Among these are the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards ("The Blues"), and the "Gay Gordons." Of these His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. The fifth regiment is the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, of which King Edward is and has for long been Colonel. It may be recalled that the late Duke of Clarence served in the "Chainy Tenth" for some years, being a Major of the Corps when he died. The 10th Hussars has always been a favoured regiment with Royalty and the aristocracy; indeed, it has been more than once hinted that it was destined to become the "Hussar Regiment of the Guard." In the British Cavalry, however, up to now, beside the Household Cavalry, there are only Dragoon "Guards," all Lancer and Hussar regiments belonging to "the Line." The 10th is at present in South Africa, and, as ever, is well keeping up its proud reputation.



THE KING IN MUFTI.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Glasgow Exhibition Notes.

His Majesty the King has granted permission that a selection should be made from the artistic and historical treasures at Marlborough House for the Fine Art, Scottish History, and Archæology Section. The City of London Corporation has lent a pageant written by Ben Jonson on the entry of King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland into London in 1603; also the Diamond Jubilee picture by Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., paintings by Sir John Gilbert, models of the Temple Bar Memorial, the Tower Bridge, the roof of the Guildhall and the Council Chamber, and photographs of London bridges. The "Long Tom," Creusot, and hexagonal guns, and Mauser rifles and other trophies captured from the Boers by Earl Roberts and General Ian Hamilton, have now arrived for the Historical Section. General Hector Macdonald sends some Boer flags.

The Glasgow Exhibition's London Committee is to be entertained to dinner by Sir George Hayter Chubb, Bart., Vice-President of the Committee, in the Hôtel Métropole on March 9. Amongst the chief guests will be the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Blythwood (President of the Exhibition), and the Lord Provost of Glasgow. The railway companies are beginning to arrange for special trains, at low rates, to run to and from Glasgow while the Exhibition remains open, so that, with its varied attractions, and given good weather, the Exhibition should be a grand success.

A Sovereign versus a Bicycle!

The venerable King of Denmark, the oldest of European Sovereigns, had what might have been a terrible accident. His Majesty was nearly knocked down by a Danish "scorcher" of a type only too familiar in this country. King Christian, however, was saved by the prompt intervention

of his youngest son, Prince Waldemar, who not only protected his father, but performed the more difficult feat of arresting the cyclist, who, on learning who the King was, became as profuse in his apologies as he had been rough in his remarks a few moments previously.



THE KING OF DENMARK.
Photo by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

rooms. King Christian is very fond of his French daughter-in-law, and the young couple spend much of their time with him.

Queen Alexandra's "Welcome."

Apropos of the poetic tributes to Queen Alexandra quoted in last week's *Sketch*, I am sure my readers will regard the subjoined stanza, with its fine swing and rhythm, as singularly appropriate just now. It forms the opening verse of an "Ode of Welcome" to Princess Alexandra when she came to this country as the bride of the Prince of Wales, and is from the pen of the late William Forsyth, of Aberdeen, whose genius as one of "Scotia's own sons of song" was first recognised by Thackeray. The "Welcome" was set to music on the occasion of the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen—

She's the flower of the race of the fair-haired Kings,
And her brow is as white as the foam;
And we'll welcome her till the welkin rings,
As the light of our young Lord's home.
Like the Queen of our love—and the world can tell
Of our daring and our pride—
Like the Queen of our love we will guard her well,
As she stands by her young Lord's side:
And the waves roll out their Welcome,
As they break on the yellow sand;
And the people shout their Welcome—
And their mighty-voiced Welcome
Is an anthem in the land;
For who but the Sea-King's child should be
The Bride of the Sea-King's land?

The Empress Frederick.

Her Majesty the Empress Frederick is, I am sorry to have to state, suffering very much (writes my Berlin Correspondent). Every precaution is taken to relieve Her Majesty of any unnecessary pain, but her malady is of such a nature that no hopes can be entertained of any great alleviation ever being possible. Her Majesty sustains her sad lot with the most noble fortitude, and is much comforted by the presence of the Emperor and Empress at her bedside. The visit of His Majesty King Edward was naturally looked forward to with the utmost pleasure. The King does not spare himself, it is well known, when duty has to be done. And Germans, we may be certain, will not fail to appreciate this family visit of His Majesty, paid, as it is, in the midst of the engrossing work consequent on his Accession.

The German Emperor.

I understand (adds *The Sketch* representative in Berlin) that the Emperor and Empress will continue to take up their abode at Homburg till well on towards the end of February. The Emperor, despite the long distance from the capital, is constantly personally presiding over matters of State; the various Ministers of State travel down in person to report on the most important affairs. Count Bülow was at Homburg several times, and, the other day, the Minister of War, General von Gossler, directly he arrived there was immediately tackled by His Majesty and hurried off to the Roman remains, near the celebrated Saalburg, to explain to the Emperor the Roman method of fortifications and intrenchments. The Emperor is said to have become so engrossed in the General's information about these ancient practices that he quite failed to notice that he was the whole time getting wet through with the melting snow. His Majesty

has of late been much interested in the plans projected by Herr Jacobi for a new Protestant Church at Homburg. The result is that the Emperor has presented the town with a site next the Royal Palace, on condition that the citizens pay the cost of building and maintaining the new church. All the buildings round the site will be pulled down, in order that the church may be seen from all sides.

The Lessing Theatre.

Ludwig Fulda has scored a great success (my Berlin Correspondent adds) with his new comedy, "Die Zwillingsschwester" ("The Twin Sister"). The plot is by no means a new one, but the play is highly amusing, for all that. The chief character is a certain Orlando della Torre, who, after, in true knight-errant manner, wooing and gaining the affections of his beloved and adored Giuditta, finally leads her to the altar, only, however, to tire of her after five years of married life. Giuditta, distressed though she is, is determined not to despair, but, on the contrary, to win back the love of her disappointed spouse. She tells him she wishes to go and pay her mother a visit at Florence; he considers the idea most excellent, and readily gives his consent. Hardly is she out of the house than her twin sister, a most fascinating, coquettish beauty, rushes into the house, having made her sister a surprise visit. She completely wins the admiration of the lone, lorn husband, coquettes with him, and finally makes him an absolute slave. So fascinated, indeed, does he become by this charming sorceress that he makes up his mind to divorce his own wife in order to marry her sister. Not till she has succeeded in fully ensnaring the wretched man in her toils, and leading him a life of abject slavery, does she make known to him the fact that she is the same person as his wife, who never went to Florence, but returned the same day disguised most cleverly as her own twin sister. Though entirely impossible, the plot gives the greatest pleasure to the audience during the whole of the play, and the unbounded merriment throughout is fully sustained from beginning to end.

German Carnivals.

The few days prior to Ash Wednesday are always kept right royally in all parts of Germany. Here, too, they indulge in pancakes as in England, but the cakes in question are not quite the same in shape or taste. The town *par excellence* for these carnivals is perhaps Cologne. Here everyone enjoys himself to the full before the Lenten season commences, and joins merrily and without restraint in the mad carnival which is celebrated throughout the town. This year the carnival took the shape of an attempt at a portrayal of what the New Century would bring in its train. The feast was



PRINCE AND PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.
Photo by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.

perhaps somewhat less striking than in former years, owing to the bitterly cold weather and the too great abundance of snow, but, for all that, "Rose Monday" proved a great success, and was followed by a no less hilarious "Feast Night," or Shrove Tuesday.

A Quiet Irish Wedding.

The marriage of Lady Clodagh Beresford and Mr. Claud Anson, a younger brother of Lord Lichfield, takes place to-day (27th), and has aroused almost as much interest in Ireland as that of Lady Beatrice Butler to General Pole-Carew. It was at first intended that the wedding should have taken place in Ireland, but the ceremony is to be performed at



LADY CLODAGH BERESFORD, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO MR. CLAUD ANSON TO-DAY.

Photo by Poole, Waterford.

St. George's, Hanover Square, Lord Waterford giving away his sister. The recent death of Lord William Beresford, as well as the national mourning, will cause the ceremony to be very quietly celebrated, but those of Lady Clodagh's old friends and neighbours who have seen her and her only sister, Lady Susan, grow up in their midst will assemble to wish her the best of Irish luck.

The Chatelaine of Curraghmore.

Curraghmore has had many beautiful and gifted chatelaines, but none more charming than its present English mistress, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who is as devoted to her Irish home as was the Lady Waterford of another generation, immortalised in that most touching work, "Two Noble Lives."

Paris Gowns.

The dressmakers' strike now going on in Paris has brought out an interesting fact which will surprise many ladies who buy their gowns in the "Gay City," namely, that ninety-eight per cent. of the cutters of Paris tailor-gowns are not French, but foreigners. Some of them are English, but the larger number are Tcheks (Bohemians) from Vienna. The Viennese are so numerous in the fashionable dressmaking quarter of the Rue de la Paix and the Opéra that restaurants abound with Tchek cooking and where they speak only the national language of their habitués. Some of the patron women's tailors even are Tcheks. At the meetings of the strikers they speak in several languages, but very little in French. Thus, dear ladies, you know by whom your Paris tailor-gowns are made. It is not for nothing that Paris is a cosmopolitan town.

End of an Historic Custom.

The marriage of M. Paul Deschanel, the Speaker of the Chambre des Députés, will pass down to sartorial history as putting an end to a ridiculous but venerated custom. The exceedingly popular bridegroom was married in a frock-coat, not in the evening-dress clothes common in Paris on such occasions. As this marriage is the first French one of any interest in the New Century, it may be taken that the old and stupid custom of compelling everyone to wear evening-dress at any important ceremony, no matter what hour of the day, is at an end. At the memorial service for the late Queen at the Embassy Chapel three weeks ago, Waldeck-Rousseau was the only one present in a dress-suit.

Formality Run Wild.

A story with a moral has just been brought under my notice by one of the parties interested. A father, resident in Paris, received from his son at Monte Carlo an appeal for a thousand francs, which sum was duly forwarded by telegraph. Because the son—an Englishman—could not produce the papers entitling him to vote at Parliamentary elections in France and had not a French gun-licence as proof of identity, payment was refused. I question whether it is possible for red tape to unwind itself much further.

The Opéra's Mistake.

I am in no way surprised (continues my Paris Correspondent) at the almost unanimous outcry at the production of "Astarté" at the Opéra. If the National Theatre of Music is to produce, with Government sanction, such a work as that of M. Louis de Grammont, one can only wonder to what extent of licence the other houses may go. The story of Hercules and Queen Omphale is well known to well-read men, and there is a possibility of a great opera in it, but, left in the coarse, crude, and unpleasant form in which it is presented at the Opéra, nothing in extenuation can be urged. It is the biggest blunder that the Management has ever made, and I believe that, in view of the protest, the piece will be removed. In the foyer the critics simply shrugged their shoulders when their opinion was asked. Certainly it served one useful lesson to the Management, and that is that they had slightly overlooked the talent of Mdlle. Heglon, who showed magnificently both as actress and singer.

The Paris Carnival.

Strangely in contrast with the cold, deserted, snow-beaten, and wind-swept streets that accompany the Jours Gras in Paris was the wild and brilliant gaiety at the Fancy-Dress Ball at the Opéra. It was the most splendid for years, and the radiant costumes of the ladies were a feast to the eye in themselves. Some of the most charming of the ladies, who quickly earned the name of the band of the "Masque de Fer," had invented a distinct novelty in the way of disguise. Instead of the usual little "loup," so easily torn off to reveal the identity of the wearer, they had a complete mask in brilliant spangles that covered the head as well as the face. An extremely striking idea.

Paris Opéra Balls a Loss.

It is of some interest to know that the balls at the Opéra do not pay the promoters, and that the only man that profits is the owner of the buffet. He pays £1000 a-year to the Administration of the Opéra for his concession, and, as the balls bring him in slightly over a thousand, the whole of the buffet profits during the year are clear gains.

A Fashionable Bazaar.

Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar has graciously consented to open the grand Society Bazaar in aid of the Notting Hill Hospital for Ophthalmic Children, in the Empress Rooms of the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, on March 18. There will be special allurements. Among those who will take an active part in this fancy fair for a deserving charity are the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, the Dowager Countess of Denbigh, the Marchioness of Hastings, the Marchioness of Anglesey, the Dowager Countess De la Warr, Lady Mary and Lady Margaret Sackville, Lady Mary Cooke, Lady Rivett-Carnac, Lady Macartney, the Hon. Mrs. Frank Byng, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Dormer, and Miss B. Davies-Cooke, Honorary Secretary.



THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.



THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, HEAD OF THE BERESFORDS.

From Photographs by Poole, Waterford.

A Chip of the Old Block.

Little Master Grosvenor (of whom I give a portrait), who played his part so gallantly at the great ducal wedding, is, notwithstanding his tender years—for he is not yet six years old—an intrepid horseman, and on his pony he can rough it with the best. At the present moment, only two



MASTER ROBERT ARTHUR GROSVENOR,
A PAGE AT THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND
DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Photo by Watmough Webster, Chester.

lives—that of the present Duke and of the small boy's own father, Lord Arthur Grosvenor—stand between Master Richard Grosvenor and the title. Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor are immensely popular in Cheshire, for during many years past Lord Arthur has been, to all intents and purposes, the eldest son of the late Duke of Westminster, taking an active part in all local affairs. He is on excellent terms with his nephew.

Wonderful Wedding-Presents.

As regards the giving and receiving of wedding-presents, the New Century certainly opens well from the point of view of those who are about to assume the cares of matrimony. The new Duchess of Westminster began existence as a married woman with jewels worth a King's ransom, and the presents showered last week on the beautiful Irish bride of gallant General Pole-Carew included some really lovely tokens of

Royal friendship, particularly notable being the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's pendant, and Princess Henry of Battenberg's gold and red enamel snake-bracelet, of which the head was formed of one huge diamond. Nowadays it has become quite the fashion for a number of people to join together when presenting a bride-friend with a wedding-present. Lady Beatrice Butler received from a group of her uncles and aunts, including Lady Chesham, the Countess Grosvenor, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Lords Arthur and Gerald Grosvenor, a diamond circlet for the hair. Lady Ormonde's guests were specially interested by Lord and Lady Roberts' diamond bracelet, while the young bride's personal friends, Lady Eileen and Lady Edwina Roberts, had chosen a quaint charm, namely, an owl whose body was composed of one huge pearl, the head, wings, and feet being of tiny diamonds—quite an ornate and exquisite little ornament.

Bridals and Battle-fields.

General Pole-Carew had many more presents given to him personally than was the case with the ducal bridegroom of the week before; the most original gift presented to him being Mr. Francis Farquhar's six paper-weights, each consisting of five unspent cartridges found severally on the various South African battle-fields.

The Bride's Miniature.

One of the most artistic wedding-gifts presented to Major-General Pole-Carew was an exquisite miniature of Lady Beatrice Butler. It was the gift of the bride's sister, Lady Constance Butler, and was executed by Miss Ethel Webling, one of the trio of clever girls which comprises the smart *M.A.P.* Green-Room Gossiper, Miss Peggy Webling, and the brilliant little actress, Miss Lucy Webling, now touring with Miss Ida Molesworth.

The King and "Tim."

There is a "Tiny Tim" as dear to the hearts of many Londoners as Charles Dickens's pathetic creation, the little lame lad who has stimulated in reproducing the portrait of the canine "Tim," apropos of King Edward's good-natured interview with him at the Great Western Railway Terminus at Paddington. The services rendered by this zealous collector of voluntary subscriptions for a deserving charity are well known to the kind-hearted Sovereign who started the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund as an enduring memorial of his beloved Mother's Diamond Jubilee. Calling "Tim" to his side, the King encouraged him with a kindly word, and slipped a few golden coins into his collecting-box.

"Tim" is a brown, rough-haired Irish terrier, well known to travellers on the Great Western Railway, and has collected money on behalf of the G. W. R. Widows and Orphans' Fund for the past nine years. This fund, which is entirely supported by the contributions of the Company's officers, servants, shareholders, and the benevolent public, provides allowances for the widows and orphans of the Company's staff. At the present moment there are over twelve hundred widows and five hundred children dependent upon it. During the period "Tim" has worked on its behalf he has collected about seven hundred pounds. "Tim" is owned by Inspector Bush, who is so familiar a figure on the up-side of Paddington Station, and is a splendid example of the



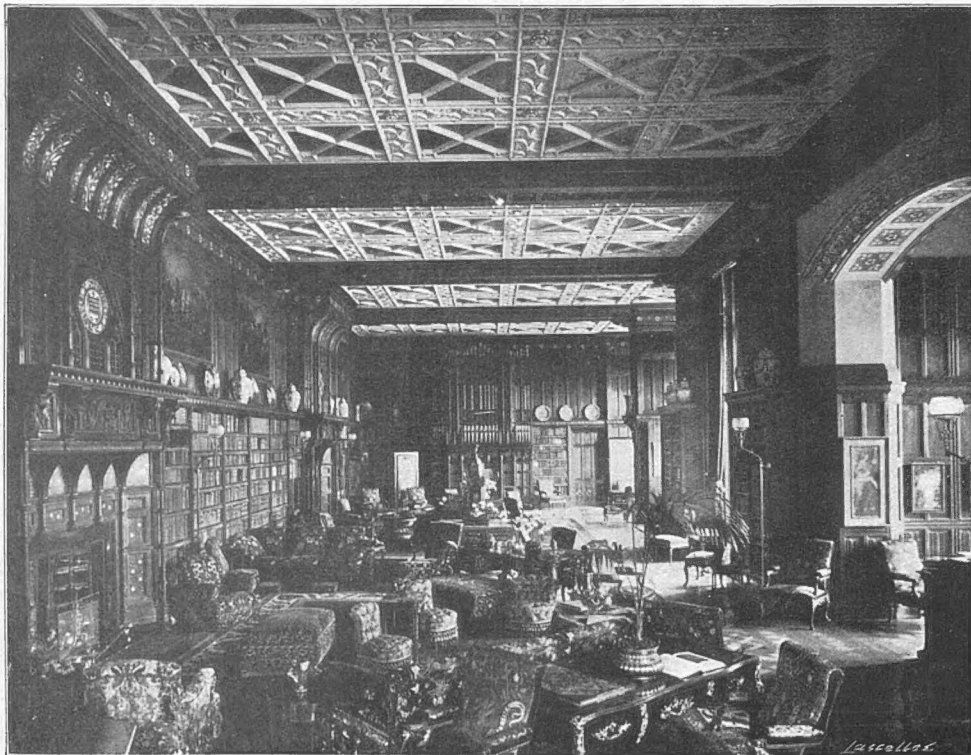
"TIM," THE G.W.R. COLLECTING-DOG
PATRONISED BY THE KING.

From the Photograph by H. E. Dukes, Buller Road, Kensal Rise,
courteously supplied by the Great Western Railway.

intelligence of the canine race. Whenever Royalty is expected at Paddington, he always enters fully into the arrangements, and has for many years taken his place upon the carpet which is laid down upon these occasions, forming line with the chief officers who receive the Royal train. On the last five occasions on which Her late Majesty travelled to Paddington, she sent for "Tim," who was taken into the Royal saloon, and received from the Queen's hands a contribution to the funds of the Society for which he has done so much. Upon the occasion of the recent arrival of their Majesties at Paddington from Windsor, the King, after leaving the saloon, inquired for "Tim," as stated, but the dog for the moment could not be found. He had entered a section of the Royal saloon, and was evidently looking for Her late Majesty. Mr. Wilkinson, the General Manager, on behalf of the Fund, respectfully thanked His Majesty for his beneficence in putting a handsome donation into "Tim's" collecting-box.

The Gothams.

The Gothams, who for some years past have made for themselves a great reputation in the music-halls by their harmonious singing of madrigals, glees, and catches, have just broken fresh ground at the London Pavilion, where they are giving a burlesque version of a comic opera, entitled "Princess Lolah." The solos, duets, quartettes are charmingly sung, and the music, catchy and generally tuneful, is by Mr. Walter Tilbury, the libretto and lyrics being by Alfred J. Morris. Messrs. Parker, Lang, Harris, and Fairbank may be congratulated on the success of their venture at the "Halls."



EATON HALL: THE LIBRARY.

Photo by Watmough Webster, Chester.

*Queen Alexandra's
Good Friend.*

Miss Charlotte Knollys occupies a position which may well be envied by every other Englishwoman. She has now been for many years Queen Alexandra's most intimate friend, and it is not too much to say that she is wholly devoted to her Royal mistress. King Edward also entertains

very cordial feelings of affection and liking for Miss Knollys, and it is said that His Majesty may make her a Peeress in her own right, only Peeresses being eligible for most of the higher positions in the Queen Consort's Household. It is strange how little the general public know who are the real friends of Royalty. More than one lady who has been mentioned during the last month as being among the intimate friends of Queen Alexandra is only connected with Her Majesty in the most formal manner. As an actual fact, Queen Alexandra has had the grief of losing many of those ladies with whom she became intimate as a bride; such, for instance, was



MISS KNOLLYS, PRIVATE SECRETARY OF
QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

the gifted and beautiful Mrs. Stonor, the mother of the Marquise d'Hautpoul. Of late years Her Majesty has naturally found in her own daughters her closest and nearest associates, and the three Princesses are as fond of Miss Knollys as is the Queen.

*A Ready Reckoner
for Kitchener.*

Striving with all his might to bring the Boer War to a close seemingly at express speed, narrowly escaping capture now and then in his railway trips to and from Pretoria, Lord Kitchener had good reason to ask for help to keep his accounts in order. Mr. G. D. A. Fleetwood Wilson, C.B., the serviceable Assistant Under-Secretary at the War Office, has been despatched with a small but capable staff to South Africa, and should prove a most useful Financial Adviser to the hard-worked Commander-in-Chief Lord Roberts left behind him with full confidence that he would in good time end the campaign which we should all devoutly like to see closed. Mr. Fleetwood Wilson is accompanied by Mr. J. A. Flynn, a principal War Office clerk, and Lieutenant F. J. Grimby, R.E.



MR. G. D. A. FLEETWOOD WILSON, C.B.,
WHO GOES OUT TO SOUTH AFRICA AS FINANCIAL ADVISER
TO LORD KITCHENER.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

photographs, looked old. He stooped slightly, and his gestures and attitudes were not youthful. In his left hand he held a page of notes, but it was usually placed against his left side. There is a curious flaw in his speech. He lingers over the "s," and makes it sound "sh." His language was modest and moderate.

*"A Certain
Splendid Memory."*

It was thus that Mr. Churchill, in the concluding sentence of his maiden speech, referred to his father. Lord Randolph's fame as a statesman may not endure in history; with his contemporaries, however, his Parliamentary daring is a theme that never wearies. He was one of the brightest figures of St. Stephen's of the last twenty years. Those were great days when Lord Randolph, Leader of the Fourth Party, rose below the Opposition Gangway, planted the heel of his dainty boot on the floor, and, with a lounge forward, attacked the redoubtable Gladstone in his strength and flouted the Radical dictator from Birmingham, coquetted with Parnell and ruffled the "old gang" of Conservative leaders. Many of the great figures of that time have gone elsewhere.

*The New
Generation.*

That the father might be repeated in the son was Mr. Chamberlain's wish concerning Mr. Winston Churchill. The Colonial Secretary was till the closing years of Lord Randolph's Parliamentary life his keenest rival. If Lord Randolph had not resigned, and had lived to the present day, perhaps Mr. Chamberlain would have found no call for his services in the camp of the Conservatives. But even in their days of rivalry the seeds may have been sown of the friendship which ripened in the anti-Home-Rule alliance, and Lord Randolph's son has won a seat partly through



GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., G.C.V.O.,
KEEPER OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY PURSE.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street S.W.

Mr. Chamberlain's "kindness," and has received that statesman's public blessing. Will the father be really repeated in the son? Who can tell? Mr. Churchill's Party is not in opposition, but, if he desire, he may find encouragement on his own side in a crusade against the Government. Besides the old, disappointed men, there are many new men on the Unionist benches whose ways may not lie the ways of the Cecil.

*Honours for the
King's Faithful
Friend and Servant.*

That King Edward should have delighted to honour his old and faithful friend, General the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn, was the most natural thing in the world, and has given great satisfaction to Sir Dighton's many friends and acquaintances. Although some seven years older than his Royal master, Sir Dighton has retained a wonderful look of youth and vigour, and it is difficult to believe that he can count himself in the decreasing band of Indian Mutiny heroes, for it was at Agra that he won his Victoria Cross. Not long after that, he proved himself a true leader of men as Commander, and, indeed, creator, of that gallant corps known to a former generation of fighters as Probyn's Light Horse. As may be easily imagined, the Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of the then Prince of Wales had anything but a light task, and His Majesty is indeed fortunate in having as his new Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Secretary and Registrar of the Royal Victorian Order, a wise and courteous gentleman who has gone through such an apprenticeship as has Sir Dighton Probyn.

The War: A Ruse that Failed.

The news from South Africa tends to show that the War is still being carried on with a good deal of the activity that marked its initial stages. It is true that there are no pitched battles to report. At the same time, there is no lack of the lesser incidents of a campaign. One of the most important of these was connected with no less a personage than Lord Kitchener himself, and might have resulted in his falling into the hands of the enemy. From the latest particulars received, it appears that when the Commander-in-Chief was returning from De Aar to Pretoria on the 19th inst., an attempt was made by a party of Boers to wreck the train in which he was travelling. Fortunately, the plan failed, for a goods-train that was preceding the one conveying Lord Kitchener and Staff was, by a happy mistake, made the object of the enemy's attack. This was blown up by a dynamite charge placed on the line and completely derailed. Before the enemy had time to secure any booty, however, an armoured truck, containing a rescue-party, was sent from Elandsfontein. As showing the confidence that the Boers had in the success of their plan, it may be mentioned that they actually had a number of waggons hidden in an adjacent donga in readiness to carry off the distinguished travellers. This was counting chickens before they were hatched with a vengeance! It is somewhat reminiscent of the action of the Spanish authorities in



MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL AND MAJOR-GENERAL BRABANT.

Photo by Captain W. H. Dave, South African Light Horse.

placing a consignment of fetters on board each vessel of the Armada for the purpose of securing the persons of the English tars who should oppose them.

Our Cavalry in South Africa. We have heard so much of the inefficiency of our Regular Cavalry in South Africa, especially as compared with the Colonial Irregular corps, that a perfectly unbiassed and yet favourable criticism is quite refreshing. In the British Army, at any rate, Infantry officers are not apt to over-value the services of the mounted branch, and, on the other hand, it must be confessed that the Cavalry officers do not rate the Infantry too highly. Thus the recent letter of an Infantry General Officer, who takes up the cudgels in defence—nay, praise—of the Cavalry is eminently reassuring. He says that what has struck him most in the War is the importance of Cavalry, and that, while many say more might have been done with the mounted arm, personally he does not think so. He has had some opportunities of judging, and he unhesitatingly affirms that, though hampered by an obsolete and imperfect equipment, the British horseman has more than justified his high reputation: "No troops in the world could have done better, if any could have done so well, which is very doubtful." General French's latest achievements undoubtedly corroborate this view; indeed, one never sees the name of the one-time Colonel of the 19th Hussars in print without feeling confident that in his case at least no "regrettable" incident need be feared.

Medical Examination of Recruits.

When the call for thirty thousand more mounted men for South Africa was made, Dr. Hastings Stewart was again instructed to carry out the medical examination of recruits for the Imperial Yeomanry. In order to hasten their departure, and to avoid inconvenience to men in business and to

men from the country, the examinations have been carried on morning, noon, and evening, to the number of six thousand in a month, a task which has called for great energy and endurance on the part of Dr. Hastings Stewart and his assistants. Twenty-seven per cent. of the number were rejected as "unfit," whereas last year only four to five per cent. failed. This is accounted for by the fact that the men are poorer, and that the increased pay induces many weaklings to indulge their patriotic feelings and to try their luck. Dr. Hastings Stewart has rendered a great public service by throwing himself heart and soul into the work he has undertaken, and will doubtless receive that official recognition which he merits.



DR. HASTINGS STEWART
MEDICAL EXAMINER OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY
RECRUITS

Photo by Ball, Regent Street, S.W.

The signal honour conferred on Strathcona's Horse, in being the first regiment to receive war-medals from the King's own hands, as well as a King's Colour, invests the commander of this gallant Cavalry corps with an additional halo of renown. Colonel S. B. Steele, to whom is due in no small degree the efficiency of, as well as the work accomplished by, the body of Canadian mounted troops raised by the patriotic munificence of Lord Strathcona, is one of our typical pioneers of Empire. Thirty-odd years ago, Colonel Steele won his spurs as a scout, and, as one who knows him well has said, he has never allowed them to grow rusty. A giant in strength, a man with a reputation for horsemanship, a splendid frontiersman, and a dead-shot, he made so lasting a reputation years ago in the North-West Mounted Police that to this day his name is held in respect among the American Indians. Colonel Steele personally arrested "Sitting Bull," and was instrumental in the capture and execution of the notorious Indian, "Charcoal." He did invaluable service also during the Louis Riel revolt in 1885.



COL. THORNEYCROFT, COMMANDING THORNEYCROFT'S MOUNTED INFANTRY.
TAKEN AT BLOEMFONTEIN PRIOR TO HIS LEAVING FOR THABA'NCHU.

Photo by Captain C. L. Anderson, South African Light Horse.

Honouring the Press.

The Scotch Universities are setting a good example (writes a Scot who contributes to *The Sketch*) by giving degrees to well-known journalists. Dr. William Wallace, of the *Glasgow Herald*, who is a brother of the late Mr. Robert Wallace, LL.D. (Radical Member for Edinburgh), is already a Doctor of Laws. And now St. Andrews University has conferred its honorary degree of "LL.D." on Mr. Carlaw Martin, the Editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, who has literary tastes and has written a monograph on Liszt.



MISS PHYLLIS BEADON, WHO DANCED SO WELL IN "SHOCK-HEADED PETER," AND NOW HAS A PART IN "PEG WOFFINGTON."

Photo by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

or nothing, Dr. Cowen went on, and made a good many notes by it. Musicians, instead, spent a long time in making a good many notes and got little or nothing for them. An author wrote a successful novel, and got a reputation; musicians wrote something not novel—the more novel it was, the worse—and usually got abused. Dr. Cowen naturally and justly considered that music was the greatest of the arts, as she was certainly the most abused. Music was, so to speak, the Cinderella of the arts, and did all the social drudgery at dinner-parties and "At Homes." A fairy godmother might, he cautiously predicted, come along one of these days, reverse the situation, and give her a long-needed rest.

The "Catholic Eton."

In its wintry garb this snowy February, Beaumont College, Old Windsor, hardly recalled the "Glorious Summer" view I give. Cold without, the College was, however, hospitably warm within on the occasion of the Shrovetide performance of "The Red Lamp" by the Beaumont Union, who deserve to be credited for their admirable rendering of the powerful Nihilist play in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree made his first great dramatic "hit." Really exceptionally good were the Demetrius, Head of the Secret Police, of Mr. L. F. Till, the Prince Claude Valerian of Mr. H. K. Bicknell, the Allan Villiers of Mr. P. Harrison, and the Zazulic of Mr. G. H. Sexton. The representation on Shrove Tuesday was witnessed by an audience composed of parents and friends of the boys and of residents in the neighbourhood. A dinner was given in the large College dining-room in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Beaumont Union, to which masters, guests, and boys sat down together, to the number of two hundred. Beaumont College claims to combine the best traditions and methods of English Public-School life, with staunch adherence to the principles of the Roman Catholic faith. Established forty years ago, it has been honoured by three visits from Her late Majesty. The picture of Queen Victoria, bestowed by her upon the school on the last of these occasions, is now, alas! draped in crape, and hangs in its place of honour in the College Guest-room. It is cherished as a precious heirloom.



BEAUMONT COLLEGE, OLD WINDSOR, WHERE AN EXCELLENT SHROVETIDE PERFORMANCE OF "THE RED LAMP" TOOK PLACE.

"Bobs" and the Royal Amateur Art Society.

It will interest many readers of *The Sketch* to learn that Field-Marshal Earl Roberts has kindly consented to open the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society, which will be held, March 26-30 inclusive, at Park House, Rutland Gate, by kind permission of Baron and Baroness d'Erlanger, for the benefit of London charities. The Marchioness of Lansdowne will preside over a screen of pictures to be sold for her Officers' Families Fund, and will gladly welcome contributions for her screen. Gift pictures for the Parochial Mission Women's Fund will be received and sold by Lady Maxwell Lyte. The Loan Annexe will consist of memorials of Old London—prints, pictures, jewels, miniatures, Battersea enamels, iron-work, flint-heads, &c. Owners of such memorials and contributors to either of the departments



MISS SUZANNE SHELTON AS MRS. VANE IN "PEG WOFFINGTON," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.

of the Exhibition are requested to write to the Honorary Secretary, the Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot, 8, Onslow Gardens, S.W.

Captain Percy Scott Again.

It seems that the chief credit for the raising of the dredger (illustrated in a former number) which sank off the Hong-Kong Dockyard in the recent cyclone belongs to that especially "Handy Man," Captain Percy Scott. Not only is Captain Scott perhaps the best Gunnery Officer in the British Navy, but his all-round capacity is so well known that, when the dredger sank, his services, together with those of his men of the *Terrible*, were at once requisitioned. The dredger had fortunately come to rest partially on a coral-reef; but four tunnels had to be blasted with gun-cotton before anything else could be done. The most difficult operation was in turning the dredger topside-up, and this was a ticklish operation with a gross weight of some thousand tons, partly imbedded in mud. Captain Scott's novel plan was to pump air into the dredger from a torpedo-boat destroyer aptly named the *Handy*, and, with the aid of tackles weighing hundreds of tons, he and his *Terribles* accomplished what was at one time thought an impossible feat. A tank-steamer and three steam-engines manned by blue-jackets did the necessary heaving and hauling.

Colonel Sir James Willcocks at Liverpool.

Liverpool was the first of our cities to give Sir James Willcocks the welcome he so richly deserves, for the African Trade Section of the Chamber of Commerce entertained him at dinner at the Adelphi Hotel the other day. Mr. Alfred L. Jones, who presided, said that Sir James had done as much as any man living for West Africa, and, had it not been for the South African War, England would be ringing with praises of his noble deeds. In honouring Sir James, Liverpool merchants—among the most enterprising and practical in the kingdom—showed their usual warm patriotism as well as cool discrimination.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



I ENTERTAIN A MARTIAN—VASTLY.

YOU may remember, my dear young lady, that the modest tenement sometimes referred to on this page as "my little nest among the stars" is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Terrace Theatre. (I say, you will remember this situation, because once, duly dragoned, you did me the honour of taking tea there.) Now it is at the Terrace Theatre that a certain play, bearing, partly, on the subject of the planet Mars, is being performed nightly to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. When, at eleven o'clock at night, the good folks have been streaming out of the theatre, in various kinds of wraps and overwhelming floods of tears, I have often stood at my window, looking down upon them and wondering what the brainy beings of that much-advertised planet thought of their earthly representative. But now, wonderful to relate, I know. And this is how my knowledge came to me.

The night was very, very foggy. I am not alluding now to the kind of fog that you can lie back on, fall against, or climb up. No, it was none of your ordinary London fogs, but a really thick, solid, substantial piece of goods such as, in these gimcrack days of smokeless fuel and electric light, is very rarely seen.

When I went into my bedroom, I discovered that my housekeeper—careful soul though she be—had neglected to close my bedroom window at the top. As a rule, I should have been delighted at the oversight, but on this particular night it occurred to me that I might as well try to keep some of the fog outside. I endeavoured to close the window therefore, but soon understood the reason for my housekeeper's apparent remissness. For, believe me, the fog was so thick that the sash refused to budge, and I was obliged to leave it down and feel my way into bed as best I might.

How long I slept I know not; but, when I awoke, it was to find the room illuminated with a sort of greenish-blue light. For some moments I was at a loss to explain whence the light emanated, but, on looking across in the direction of the window, my surprise gave way to alarm as I discovered that I was not alone. Hanging by his toes from the still lowered sash, his hands resting on the back of a chair, and his face turned up to grin at me, was the oddest little body I have ever met in my life.

His head was entirely out of proportion (judging, at any rate, by our ideas) to his body, and his hands were certainly twice the size of his feet. A pair of bat-like wings grew out from between his shoulders, his feet were bare, his eyes round and luminous. For the rest, he was dressed in a tightly fitting suit, made of some material nearly resembling wool.

Presently I saw his lips move, and, almost immediately afterwards, a low but distinct voice said in my ear, "You're afraid, you know!" "I'm not," I replied, instinctively. Then I looked round to see who was talking.

"Yes, you are," repeated the voice. "You're in a horrid funk!"

By this time, I was sure that it must be the thing by the window talking. I therefore summoned up courage to ask, somewhat tremulously, "What do you want?"

"I suppose you mean, 'Who are you?'" was the reply. "I'm a Martian."

I was not at all surprised. I said I was glad to know that he was not The Man in the Moon.

"Thank you," said my visitor, dropping on to his hands and waddling round the room inquisitively. "That's the first civil thing you've said yet. You must excuse my coming in without an invitation, mustn't you?"

He stood on his head in the most natural manner, smiled amiably, and leant, in a graceful attitude, against the wash-stand.

"I suppose I must," I replied. "But couldn't you explain some more?"

The Martian folded his enormous hands on his chest and looked at me earnestly.

"You needn't tell Tesla," he said. "You see, I ought not to have come at all, really. There's a law in Mars which forbids us to visit the Earth or to communicate with any of you on pain of remaining single for life. Tesla's managed to get to know one or two of our fellows, I believe, but they'll never go to Venus if they're found talking to him."

"But how did you get here?"

"Oh, quite comfortably, thanks! I flew up as far as I could, and then dropped down on top of the theatre. The fog broke my fall. Seeing your window open, I came in. I hope you don't mind. I can't stay long."

"Sorry to hear that! But, before you go, would you mind telling me why you walk on your hands and stand on your head?"

"Well, I should have thought that was obvious. I walk on my hands to save boot-leather, and I stand on my head because, if I didn't, I should be top-heavy."

"H'm!" I mused.

"Seems odd."

"Not at all!" said the Martian. "On Earth, you do everything in the wrong way, and that's why there's so much grumbling. Now we, in Mars, took warning by you, and reversed everything. Result—happiness."

"Give me an instance."

"Certainly. Take your Army. What is it composed of? Men. What is ours composed of? Women. Result?

They take so long to trim their helmets and fit on their tunics that they very rarely have time to fight, and, when they do fight, they shoot so badly that nobody gets killed."

"Ye—es. There seems to be something in that."

"I should just think there was!"

He sauntered—still on his hands—round the room again, finally coming to a halt close to my bedside.

"Perhaps," he said, making himself so tall that his feet nearly reached the ceiling, "perhaps you have never tried to stand on your head or walk on your hands?"

"Not since I was a very small boy."

"Ah! You tried when you were a small boy. Primary instinct, you see. Now, if only you had persevered, you would have been, by now, as rational a person as myself."

I sighed, and said I was afraid it was too late to begin.

"Not at all!" he said briskly. "I'll give you

a hand"; and, before I knew what had happened, I was perched upon the top of my skull in the middle of the floor and spinning wildly round like a tee-to-tum.

"Capital!" shouted the Martian. "Now I'll show you a new step."

Without more ado, he picked me up by the feet and let me fall again, suddenly. I alighted on my head. It was painful, but rather pretty.

"That," whispered a voice, "is what we call the 'Pas de Mars.'"

"Your tea, sir," said my housekeeper, standing in the doorway, with immovable face.

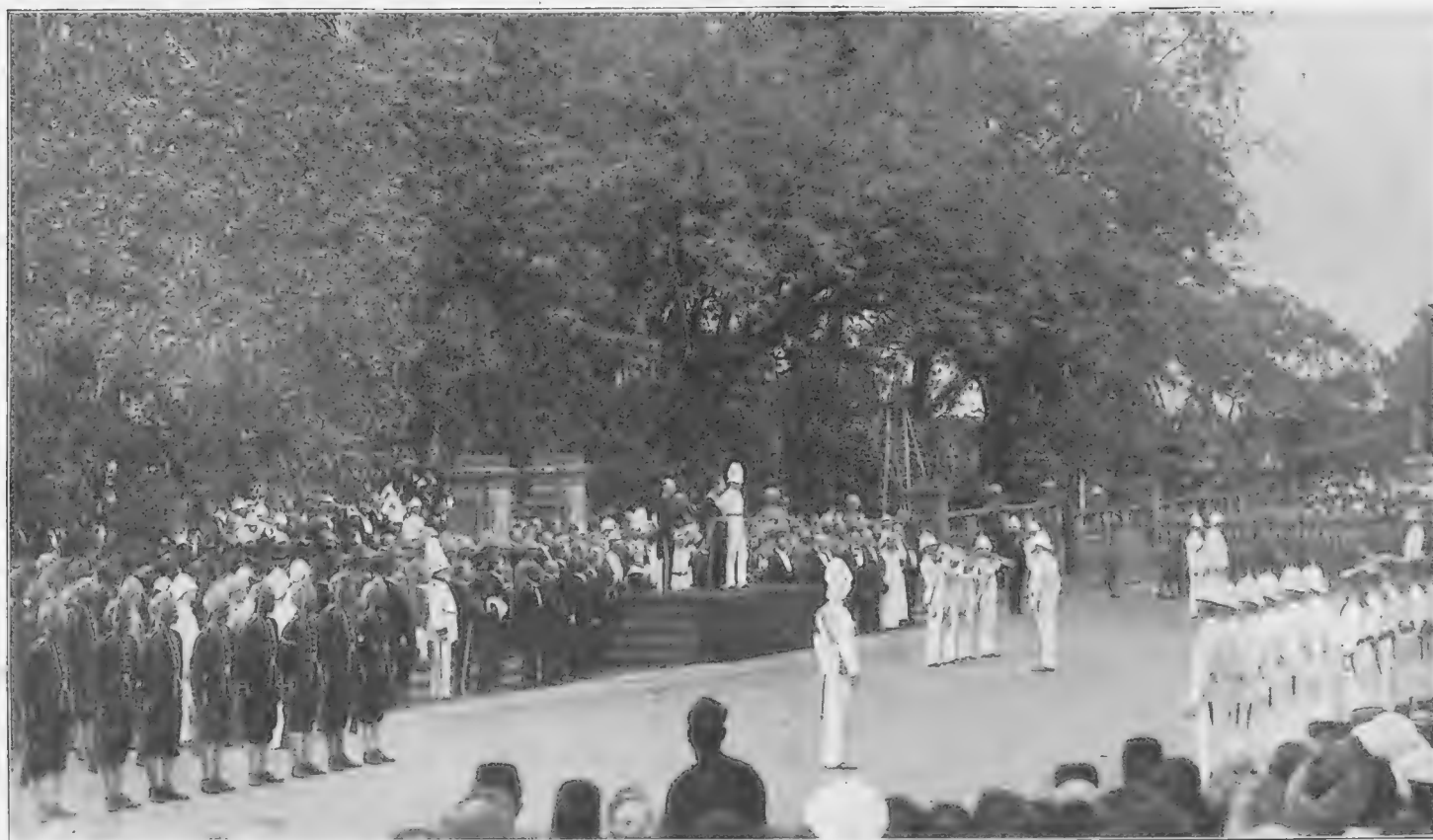
"Indeed?" said I, regaining my feet with some difficulty and crawling into bed.

"I think the fog affected me a little."

"Very likely, sir," said my housekeeper, politely.



Chicot



PROCLAIMING KING EDWARD VII. IN COLOMBO ON JANUARY 26.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRÉE, HOPETOUN STUDIO.

Duffadar Salili Singh
(14th Bengal Lancers).

Duffadar Yusaff Ali Khan
(3rd Bombay Cavalry).

Duffadar Misbudshah
(11th Bengal Lancers).

Duffadar Desa Singh
(6th Bengal Cavalry).



Duffadar Wadhawa Singh (9th Bengal Lancers). Captain A. G. Maxwell (6th Bengal Cavalry). Duffadar Yassen Bey (3rd Madras Lancers).

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S INDIAN PERSONAL BODYGUARD THAT WATCHED OVER HIM DURING THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.
TAKEN AT THE TOWER OF LONDON BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL MILMAN, THE GOVERNOR.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH (1901) BY THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO, REGENT STREET, W.

THE HOME LIFE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

From Photographs by Ralph, Dersingham, supplied by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife.



Princess Charles of Denmark. The Queen. Duke of Cornwall and York. Princess Victoria.
FAMILY GROUP OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK, PRINCESSES LOUISE (DUCHESS OF FIFE), VICTORIA,
AND MAUD (PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK).



THE ROYAL DINNER-TABLE AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

(See "The Sketch" Small Talk.)

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER TWO YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER PET DOGS AT SANDRINGHAM.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS VICTORIA

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Photo by Juncker Jensen, Copenhagen.

THE FIRST CARNIVALS OF THE CENTURY.

ALTHOUGH Nice and Cannes have not experienced such cold weather as last week for some thirty years—in fact, not since Nice the Beautiful became a French damsel instead of an Italian donna—the first Carnivals of the Century held on the Riviera proved a brilliant success, the Nice Battle of Flowers, which, as usual, took place on the splendid Promenade des Anglais, being all the prettier owing to the fact that the sharp cold kept the crowd within somewhat more reasonable dimensions than is usually the case. On the other hand, several people who had meant to take part in the fun in beautifully decorated carriages made up their minds that it really was *too* cold, after all; and certainly the Riviera has seldom experienced such a day as Thursday week, which more than one seasoned traveller remarked recalled Sweden rather than the Land of Sunshine!

A CONTRAST: FURS AND FLOWERS.

Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had the Promenade des Anglais presented an odder appearance, and this specially from a sartorial point of view; for, while the occupants of some of the carriages

year large, showery blossoms are the rage, one small cart being literally lined inside and out with splendid camellias.

BATTLES OF BLOSSOMS.

The large flowers, be they roses, camellias, lilies, or the geranium, which bloom so generously on the Riviera, make the mimic battles of blossoms rather trying, and many people found their wire masks a very necessary protection against the fragrant missiles directed at them. In old days, when a cart-load of flowers could be bought for a few francs, the Battle of Flowers really partook of the nature of a flowery fray; now, however, the combatants are more chary of their ammunition, and reserve their daintiest bouquets for their own special friends.

THE CANNES CARNIVAL.

King Carnival always holds high-state at Cannes, but the fun, even if less boisterous than at Nice, is none the less real, and nothing could exceed the brilliant prettiness of the scene on the terrace of the Cerele Nautique, where those possessed of the prettiest flowers had posted themselves.

Demure Mentone had a very successful little Carnival procession, particularly successful being some of the fancy-dresses seen in the crowd,



THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

The Countess of Limerick, one of the most beautiful and nimble-witted of Irish Peeresses, has just elaborated a scheme for supplying exiles from Erin with a constant supply of shamrock. The proceeds will be devoted to one of the many National Charities in which Her Ladyship takes so keen an interest, and the idea has already decidedly "caught on" on both sides of St. George's Channel.

braved the cutting wind in white muslin gowns and flower-bedecked hats, their wiser friends elected to appear muffled up in sables, chinchilla, and ermine, the latter forming a piquant and very becoming contrast to the lovely flowers, which looked not one whit the worse for the cutting wind and occasional hail-drops with which they were sprinkled.

NO MILORDS PRESENT.

As a rule, the British visitors are among the most enterprising competitors for the various splendid prizes offered for the best-decorated carriages, coaches, bicycles, and so on; but this year it is hardly necessary to say that English vehicles were conspicuous by their absence, their place, however, being in some cases very adequately filled by those of the clever and enterprising Americans who have become so thoroughly merged with the British Colony.

THE WINNERS OF THE FIRST BANNER.

The First Banner was awarded to Count and Countess Kamarofsky, whose carriage presented an exquisite appearance, being a symphony in red and white, even the wheels being covered in lines of red carnations and white stocks. There is always a fashion in such things, and this



LADY FREDERICK CARRINGTON.

Lady Carrington, the wife of that gallant soldier, Sir Frederick Carrington, has been one of the many Englishwomen who, during the last year of the Old Century and the beginning of the New, have tried to remove private anxiety by taking an active part in the many excellent efforts made on behalf of Tommy Atkins's feminine belongings. These photographs are by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

while the car, "Carnival at the North Pole," excited great admiration and amusement. It consisted of glittering icebergs, among which brilliantly attired clowns danced merrily to the piping of a huge white bear!

Probably no regiment ever left these shores for the Seat of War in such quiet fashion as did the 3rd Dragoon Guards, just arrived in South Africa. This was partly owing to the "Prince of Wales's" having been stationed in Ireland, where, however, they had gained an enviable reputation for discipline and efficiency. Though the "Canaries" boast one of the longest lists of honours of our cavalry regiments, including the great battles of Marlborough's time and those of the Peninsula, from that time till Abyssinia they saw no further war-service, the latter being their last battle-name. It is something of a coincidence that, while this honour is shared by no other cavalry regiment, the 1st Dragoon Guards, their fellow-voyagers, claim "Pekin" and "Taku Forts" alone in the mounted branch. Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Aspinwall, who commands the 3rd, was formerly in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and, attached to the 7th Dragoon Guards, went through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.



HIS MAJESTY KING CARNIVAL XXIX.



Madame Carnival.

THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION AT NICE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. GILETTA.

LAUNCH OF A WARSHIP AT JARROW.

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP *Russell*, built by Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Jarrow, is one of six first-class battleships which were provided for by the Naval programme of 1898-9, two of which are being built in Royal Dockyards and four in private yards for His Majesty's Government. This is the first of the six to be launched. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length (between perpendiculars), 405 feet; breadth, 75 feet 6 inches; draught, 26 feet 6 inches; displacement, 14,000 tons; indicated horse-power, 18,000; speed, 19 knots.

The *Russell* is the very latest improved type of first-class battleship designed by the British Admiralty.

The vessel is of steel throughout, and is built on the longitudinal system; the stem, sternpost, propeller-shaft brackets, and ram of massive strength are formed of steel castings. The hull is divided into 320 water-tight compartments, thereby reducing to the fullest extent the risk of danger from ramming by the enemy, rocks and torpedoes, and rendering her practically unsinkable. There is a double bottom extending four-fifths of her total length under the engine- and boiler-rooms, magazines, and shell-room spaces.

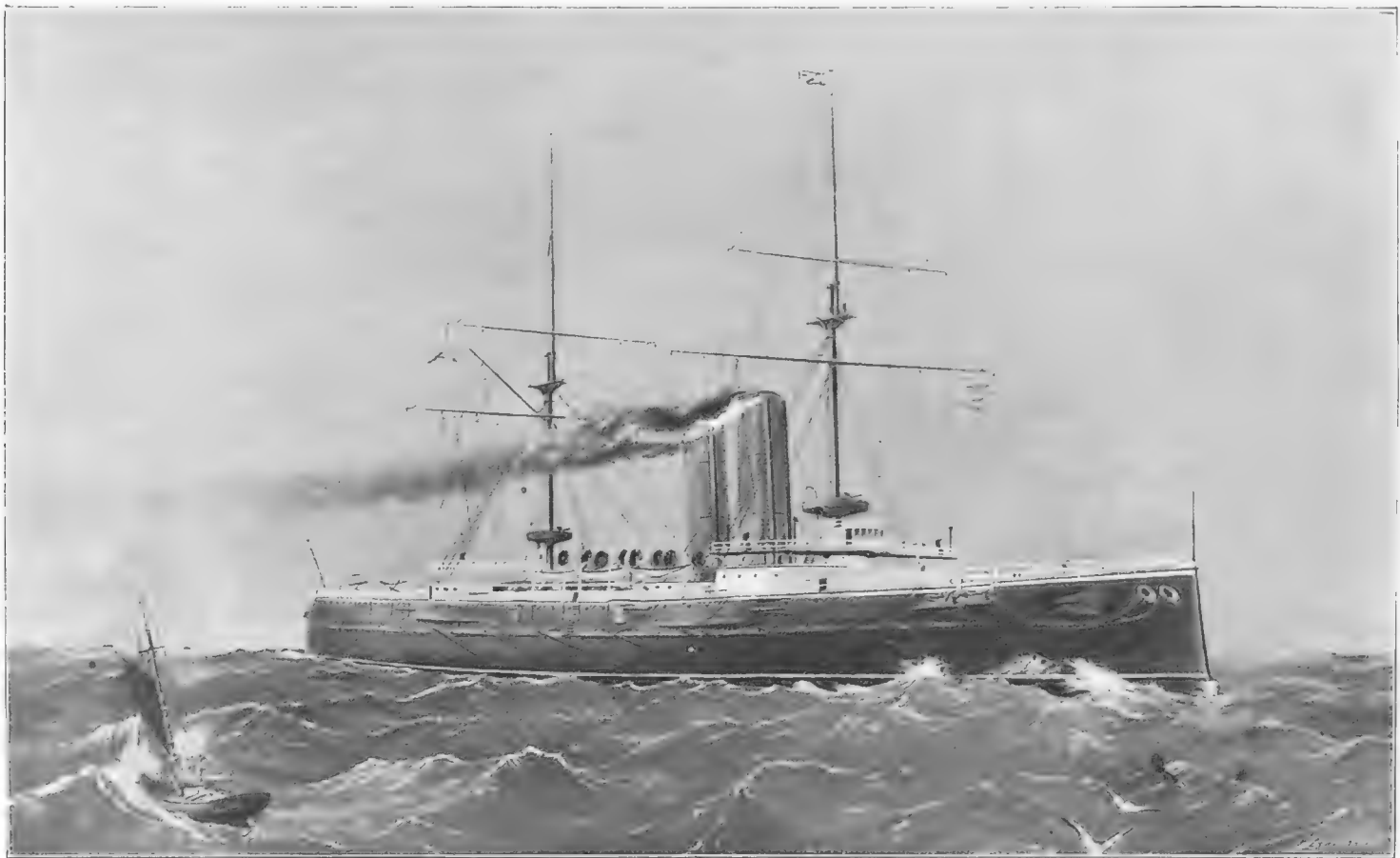
The port and starboard engine-rooms are divided by a middle-line water-tight bulkhead, extending from the keel to the main-deck, ten feet

for lifting them, and the fore-mast is also fitted with two steel derricks, of ten tons' test each, for working those of a lighter description. The fore and main lower masts are built of steel and fitted with military fighting-tops and searchlight platforms, with wood top-masts and upper and lower signalling-yards. There are two funnels in fore-and-aft line between the masts.

The main armament consists of four 50-ton breech-loading guns of twelve-inch calibre with a training of a hundred and twenty degrees each side of the middle line. The auxiliary armament consists of the following, namely, twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns, each placed in a casemate of Harveyed armour six inches thick. Four of these are on the upper deck, the two forward ones training over the bow and thirty degrees abaft the beam, and the two after ones training over the stern and thirty degrees before the beam. The other eight are situated on the main-deck, the four forward and aft trained the same as the guns on the upper-deck, and the four in the midships are trained sixty degrees before and abaft the beam.

There are twelve 12-pounders, two in the bows and two in the after-quarter on the main-deck, six in waist of ship on upper-deck, and two on forward shelter-deck, the latter being field- and boat-guns. Besides all these, there are eight Maxims on shelters and bridges, and six 3-pounders, three in each military fighting-top, together with four submerged eighteen-inch torpedo-tubes, two forward and two aft.

The *Russell* will be lighted throughout by electricity, with an



H.M.S. "RUSSELL," THE FIRST BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR LAUNCHED IN THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD VII., AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY PALMER'S SHIPBUILDING AND IRON COMPANY, LIMITED, JARROW.

above the load water-line. There are three boiler-rooms, each being a separate water-tight compartment, and containing in all twenty-four Belleville water-tube boilers. There are longitudinal water-tight bulkheads at the sides, extending throughout the machinery and boiler spaces, and subdivided off by athwartship water-tight bulkheads, forming in all fifty-two coal-bunkers, which act as an additional protection to the engines and boilers.

On the platform and lower-decks is placed the auxiliary machinery for the working of the ship, including electric engines, hydraulic pumping engines, capstan engines, air-compressors, &c., as well as a fully equipped engineers' workshop and numerous store-rooms.

The officers and crew are accommodated on the middle- and main-decks, the Admiral and Captain having day-cabins on the upper-deck. The officers' accommodation consists of handsomely fitted cabins situated aft, the superior officers being located on the main-deck. The Admiral's accommodation is at the extreme aft end of the main-deck, with access to a handsome stern-walk, fitted with a light steel canopy. The upper-deck extends from stem to stern, without a break, and above it are the forward and after shelter-decks on which are placed the conning-towers, the former being of twelve-inch Harveyed steel, and the latter of three-inch nickel-steel. These are surmounted by flying bridges and connected on each side by a fore-and-aft bridge. The boats, of which there are eighteen, including two fifty-six-foot steam-pinnaces, are stowed amidships on skid-beams. A strong steel derrick, worked by hydraulic power, tested to thirty-six tons' lift, is fitted to the main-mast

installation of about nine hundred electric-lamps, and will also be equipped with six searchlights of twenty-five thousand candle-power each, the dynamos being under protection.

Means are so arranged that the ship, when in action, will be able to fire from either of the two conning-towers.

The main propelling engines, also constructed by Messrs. Palmer, are twin-screw, each set consisting of four cylinders; that is, one high-pressure 33½-inch diameter, one intermediate-pressure 54½-inch diameter, and two low-pressure 63-inch diameter, the stroke of all being four feet. The engines will be run at a hundred and twenty revolutions per minute. Steam is supplied by twenty-four boilers of the Belleville type, manufactured at Jarrow, the total tube-surface being nearly forty-five thousand square feet. The working pressure of the boilers is 300 lb. per square inch, reduced at the engines to 250 lb. per square inch. In addition to the main propelling engines, there are steering engines, electric-light engines and dynamos, air-compressing machinery, distilling machinery, coal-hoisting machinery, hydraulic boat-hoists, capstans, workshop engines, and about seventy other auxiliary engines, such as feed-pumps, fire- and bilge-pumps, fans and engines, air-blowing engines, ash-hoists, centrifugal pumping engines, &c.

Mr. Alfred Palmer had the satisfaction of seeing the *Russell* launched safely on Feb. 19. Mrs. McLaren, wife of the Chairman, turned the miniature capstan, and set the ironclad moving. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Northbourne were among the distinguished visitors who graced the launch with their presence.



THE LATE LORD INVERCLYDE.

Glasgow, justly proud of the men of indomitable energy and enterprise who have made that great city famous, laments with good reason in this year of its beautiful Exhibition the death of Lord Inverclyde, and the melancholy demise so soon after of his wife. Lady Inverclyde expired at Castle Wemyss, Wemyss Bay, on the Clyde, scarcely twenty-four hours after her husband. The widely regretted death of Lord Inverclyde deprives the Cunard Shipping Company of its sagacious Chairman, better known as Sir John Burns. He was born in Glasgow in 1829, and had all his life been associated with the development of the great Cunard Steamship Company. He succeeded his father, Sir George Burns, who died in 1890. The three principal proprietors of the shares in the firm at its formation into a Joint-Stock Company in 1878 were Cunard, MacIver, and Burns, these three partners holding £1,200,000 of the capital of £2,000,000. He was raised to the Peerage in 1897, and is succeeded in the title by his son, the Hon. George A. Burns. It was Lord Inverclyde who first recommended the Government to adapt merchant steamships for war.

This photograph is by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

SOME BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

THE gloom which has fallen upon the nation through the death of Queen Victoria has not left unaffected the production and the sale of books. The demand has been very great for publications telling of the private and public

LIFE OF HER LATE MAJESTY.

These vary from the beautifully illustrated *Life* by Mr. R. R. Holmes, Librarian at Windsor Castle, which was issued under the supervision of the late Queen herself, to the numberless books and booklets, and *The Illustrated London News* and other Special Numbers, which have sold by hundreds of thousands. Of one popular work, published at three shillings and sixpence, the publishers sold during one morning over one thousand copies. As regards beauty of "get-up," it will be found that the sumptuous "Record" Souvenir of Queen Victoria's Reign, to be produced by *The Illustrated London News* at five shillings, will be

TO THE TRAVELLER IN ITALY,

"In Tuscany," by M. Carmichael (John Murray), will be a welcome volume. The author has evidently an observant as well as an artistic temperament, for, besides noting the manners and customs of the people, he gives a fascinating description of such towns as Leghorn, Volterra, and Lucia. The book is the result of a long residence in that country, and will interest the general reader as well as the traveller.

In Fiction, it is seldom that copyists succeed; but this opinion appears likely to be falsified in

"THE MASTER SINNER," by "A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR" (J. LONG). This is a romance consisting of letters written from Hell and is full of psychological and exciting incidents. Of a different character will be found

"MORALS AND MILLIONS," BY FLORENCE WARDEN (F. V. WHITE AND CO.).

Written by this well-known author in her light and breezy style, it recounts the story of a millionaire who thinks his happiness depends



MR. FRED KERR, WHO PLAYS SIR WOODBINE GRAFTON.



MISS LILY GRUNDY, WHO PLAYS LUCY ORMOND.

TWO OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE REVIVAL OF "PERIL," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Watery. Baker Street, W.

well worth preserving, vying as it will with the handsome Diamond Jubilee and South African War Editions de Luxe of the *I.L.N.*

The general opinion amongst publishers is that

THE SPRING BOOKSELLING SEASON

will be a bad one, as, in the present condition of affairs, both at home and abroad, it would be unwise to issue any work of technical or primary importance. It will, therefore, not be surprising if Fiction comes in for a large share of attention, particularly as it has been noticed that during times when public festivities are suspended people

TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO NOVELS.

as a relief from the sad monotony of life. It is to be hoped that the period of mourning will soon pass. Judging from the enthusiasm which King Edward VII. is throwing into his work, this will speedily be realised.

Now that so many of our aristocracy are selecting their wives from America, it is only reasonable to expect that an account should be given of some of the beauties from that country who have made their homes in England. Such a book is

"FAMOUS AMERICAN BELLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," BY V. T. PEACOCK (LIPPINCOTT).

This charming circle contains such well-known beauties as Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Naylor-Leyland, and Mrs. Clarence Mackay, with many others who have attained European reputations, though none are more beautiful than the lovely British brides of this month. The book contains a large number of portraits, is handsomely produced, and interspersed with character and biographical sketches.

upon his being received into what is called Society, but eventually finds it in the woman who loves him

"MAY SILVER," BY ALAN ST. AUBYN,

from the same publisher, will sustain the reputation already made by this popular author.

"THE DUKE OF STOCKBRIDGE," BY E. BELLAMY (GAY AND BIRD), is an historical romance of the rebellion in Massachusetts under Captain Shays. It is a stirring story, and the plot is unfolded with much skill.

IN "VERONICA VERDANT," BY MINA SANDEMAN (J. LONG), the authoress breaks new ground and propounds some theories which will fascinate and interest the reader. It is a book worth reading. No one who once takes up

"THE SURVIVOR," BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM (WARD AND LOCK), will put it down until it is finished. It is an engrossing story, and one that stirs the sympathy and imagination. Messrs. Ward and Lock may also be congratulated upon the publication of

"BONES AND I," BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

which completes their issue of a new edition in twenty-five volumes of this favourite author's works. Messrs. Methuen and Co. announce that, beside the issue of

"THE PASSING OF THE GREAT QUEEN," BY MISS MARIE CORELLI, they will publish from her pen during the year a novel of considerable length, and a volume of stories entitled "The Book of Little Children." Miss Corelli has evidently been busy.

REVIVAL OF "PERIL" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Dr. Thornton
(Mr. Leonard Boyne).

Percy
(Mr. R. C. Herz).

Lady Ormond
(Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

Captain Bradford
(Mr. Graham Browne).

Mrs. Crossley Beck
(Miss Helen Rous).



Lucy Ormond
(Miss Lily Grundy).

Sir Woodbine Grafton, K.C.S.I.
(Mr. Fred Kerr).

Sir George Ormond, Bart.
(Mr. Brandon Thomas).

Crossley Beck
(Mr. Eric Lewis).

ACT I.: SIR WOODBINE GRAFTON AND HIS SON ARRIVE AT SIR GEORGE ORMOND'S HOUSE ON A LITTLE VISIT.

Sir Woodbine Grafton (Mr. Fred Kerr). Dr. Thornton (Mr. Leonard Boyne).

Crossley Beck (Mr. Eric Lewis)



Lady Ormond (Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

FINALE TO ACT III.: LADY ORMOND SWOONS WHEN HER HUSBAND RUSHES FROM THE ROOM IN PURSUIT OF HER WOULD-BE LOVER, WHOM HE HAS SIGHTED FROM THE BALCONY.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD, WHO HAS RESUMED HER PERFORMANCE OF LADY URSULA
IN THE REVIVAL OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S ROMANTIC PLAY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W



MISS LILY BRAYTON, THE CHARMING VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT,"

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THIS CLEVER YOUNG ACTRESS IS HERE PHOTOGRAPHED AS ANNE PAGE BY CHANCELLOR AND SON, DUBLIN.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Royalty en Évidence—On the Stage and Off—Pleasure at the Point of the Bayonet—"The Halls" as News Agencies—"The Government Stroke"—London's Parish Pump—Sardine Life in London.

IT is evident that an age has set in of pageantry such as this generation has never seen—a "costume period" of out-of-door Royalty, and of splendour and gaiety in a Court stage-managed as brilliantly as that of the Kaiser himself. After all, a nation of shop-keepers should devote time and money to arranging the shop-window, and one which rules the waves to upholstering the figure-head. In view of the Coronation, which is expected to transpire earlier than some of us expected, "corners" in flags, confetti, and coloured ribbons are already rumoured. These Royal pageants will largely supplement the County Council brass-bands as outdoor relief from the tedium of life, and make the West-End drapers and milliners, florists and bootmakers, perfumers and hosiers, amends for their long-suffering.

Though the King is a master of the details of ceremonial, he is expected to do away with much of the gingerbread element. Nowadays we see it so much better done on the stage! We are wiser than the ancients—more *blasé*, at all events. Stage Royal processions are more like the real thing itself. Royalties, though they act better, are quite plebeian compared with our "drawing-room" actors. Again, at the theatre it does not rain, we see something more than policemen's helmets, and are not prodded at intervals with bayonets.

In Spain, popular rejoicing over, say, a Royal wedding is assisted by the cavalry charging at the regulation intervals over the spectators, who reply briskly with stones. The *feu de joie* is fired with real shells—into the crowd. A state of siege is declared and the capital put under martial law. Anyone found attending the nuptials without a pass is shot. The bridegroom is stoned enthusiastically whenever visible, and the wedded bliss of the happy pair heralded by a hideous carnage by the troops among the populace, who, in fact, experience all the pleasurable sensations of a full-dress revolution. In Ireland, similarly, a national fête is seized on as a happy opportunity for a re-discussion of the whole political situation.

The newest feature of the times is the speed with which public spectacles are cinematographed. One has hardly time to run from the street-stand to the music-hall to see the whole affair on the screen more natural than the original. People who used to buy the papers under some delusion that they learnt the news therein now have the events of the day served up to them with music in a "hall." "Supers" are even so well drilled that events, like great battles, are sometimes reproduced the evening before they occur, as a sort of "private view" for the Press. And lifelike! At the admirable representations of the last Royal procession at the Palace, a man took off his hat as the King bowed to him from the screen. This was like the soldier who stood at the salute while addressing his superior officer through the telephone. An artist gazing at a battle-picture in the Louvre was heard to bawl, "Oh, to be there!" through his hands to his wife.

How galling it must be to the County Council (the elections for which, by-the-bye, are upon us) not to have the arrangement of these processions, disinfect the route and the horseshoes of the cavalry; control the sale of gingerbeer and oranges in the neighbourhood, head the State-carriage with Municipal firemen, and decide the amount of sunshine and wind to be admitted to the spectacle! Paradise will be disappointing to County Councillors with no share in the management or the drawing-up of the bye-laws.

The student of parish politics realises, of course, the weak points of the Tory and the Progressive programmes. By employing private firms, directors, monopolists, and other criminals are enriched. Employed by the municipality, on the other hand, the workman is apt to toil for about four hours a-day, devote all his serious attention to hot luncheons and cigarettes (as in Government offices), and listen to his Progressive employers' lectures on the contemptible vices of his betters. The "Government stroke" is a recognised term of contempt among Colonial workmen.

The election, we are told, "will be on water," and should consequently favour the "Moderates," especially just when beer is so poisonous. Certainly this bad filtration drains our rivers of fish, and leads householders to violate the close times, through their taps. After all, the parish pump is still the centre of the village—even when it is quoted on the Stock Exchange and makes two millions a-year.

This housing for the poor is, of course, an excellent idea, and a natural one. Yet, has London anything so awful as the subterranean burrows of the slums of, say, Paris and Geneva? In one Parisian night lodging-house, rows of chairs go down each room, on which the patients sit to sleep. A rope runs in front of each row of chairs. The candidates for slumber rest their arms and heads on the rope. At six o'clock a bell rings and the rope is briskly let go!

HILL ROWAN.

WATER-COLOURS: OLD AND NEW.

MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS are to be complimented on their present exhibition at the Old Bond Street Galleries. A considerable proportion of the two hundred and fifty water-colours that they have collected are works of unusual interest and no little rarity. It is not often, for instance, that we have the opportunity of admiring Gainsborough's bold but sympathetic landscape work in shows of this kind, nor is the combination familiar of a brilliant group of Turners with a number of Prout's elaborate renderings of old architecture, a distinguished company of De Wints and Copley Fieldings, and several fine landscapes by David Cox. Gainsborough's representation of "The Pond" is specially interesting, for the reason that in its tenderness of colour it seems to foreshadow something of the modern landscape feeling; but Turner's work will probably be regarded as of more importance, on account of the number and size of the examples. They are, as usual, luminous, transparent, and full of colour, especially the "Sunrise, Richmond," and the romantic representation of "Devonport," with its crowded shipping and boat-loads of people. Admirers of the carefully wrought drawings of quaint architecture that Samuel Prout was so fond of producing have here a rich opportunity of indulging their taste, and will certainly be charmed by his "Nuremberg" and "Malines," as well as by a number of other specimens. The many pictures by Copley Fielding include the singularly dashing "Rough Water," a large composition with murky sky and stormy sea. Among the De Wints should be noted "Haymaking in Lincolnshire," a characteristic representation of English scenery, which, however, displays a tendency, not unusual in the artist, towards heavy colour in the shadow of the advancing cloud. David Cox's work can always be admired for its purity of tone and breadth of treatment, and I hesitate to choose between his charming representations of pastoral scenes. There is much fine work by various other artists, and diversified methods are illustrated, from the bold handiwork of a David Cox to the pretty stippling of a W. Hunt, as exemplified in his fruit and flowers.

A few steps bring us from the old to the new, for a little farther up Bond Street, at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, is an exhibition of work by Mr. Wilfred Ball and Mr. W. Lee Hankey, the first-named showing an attractive collection of choice "bits," with pretty old houses, glimpses of sea, sky, and sand, and sunny landscapes, all touched in with much cleverness of handling and an alert eye for effective spots of colour. Mr. Hankey's work is more varied, for he deals with the human figure as well as with the elusive effects of Nature. His manner is essentially "modern," and he loves big washes, with touches of wet and flowing colour, on rough paper. But his productions are very interesting, even though they may not be generally understood.

There is a little show of work by Mr. Hans Hansen and Mr. J. J. Alsop at 45, St. George's Place, that is very pleasing. Mr. Hansen's spirited representations of Tangiers, especially his fresh little sketches of that multi-coloured locality, are attractive, and he shows also some capital English landscapes. Mr. Alsop has a pretty, reserved portrait of a girl in grey, a misty and poetical suggestion of "November on the Thames," and several other works that manifest a refined perception of colour.

ART: BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

This country is not so strongly represented as France in the varied and attractive exhibition of work by British and Foreign Artists at the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street; but the advantages enjoyed by our friends across the Channel are always held to be counterbalanced by Waterloo, and, perhaps, Mr. J. P. Beadle's picture of a singularly striking incident of that memorable struggle may be taken to level up matters in the present show. At least, it may be expected to have a soothing effect on those patriotic visitors who find themselves compelled to admit that the balance of artistic achievement is on the side of the Frenchmen. Both by its size and its character, M. Lecomte's "A Water Nymph" is one of the first of the pictures to engage attention. It may strike some as too grey in tone, but a continued examination reveals the suggestion of early morning haze, as well as the force that is derived from the breadth and boldness of treatment, which are happily combined with unusual reticence of colour.

Notice is also attracted, but in a different way, by C. Franchi's telling portrait of Earl Roberts, in brilliant uniform, and carrying his plumed hat in his hand.

Many painters are fascinated by the nude out-of-doors, a subject that is prettily and delicately rendered by Paul Tiller in "The Bathers," and is illustrated with less reserve but more fulness of colour and spirit by I. Zanardelli in "Bacchante." "A Scene in Purgatory," from Dante, is strongly depicted, with effective sunlight and shadow on the nude figures, by A. Campestrini. A. Beltrame's "Canova Modelling Magdalena," a large and realistic work, is wanting in rest and focus. Ista's "Marsh Lands" is a clever landscape, and the "Winter Landscape" by L. Lanckow calls for admiration. A model reading is represented by Sezille with warm flesh-tones and dexterous brushwork. An effect of artificial light is capably illustrated in Mr. J. N. Sylvestre's picture of an old man lighting his pipe at a lantern, and some idea of the grandeur of Norwegian scenery may be gathered from A. Normann's "The Nerofjord," but in his other representations of Norway he misses the delicacy and fitfulness of colour which make the scenery of the fjords the despair of artists.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE BELLE OF BOHEMIA,"
AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.



MR. RICHARD CARLE, WHO PLAYS ALGY CUFFS (A MATINÉE IDOL, LEADING MAN AT A POPULAR NEW YORK THEATRE).



MISS SYLVIA THORNE, WHO PLAYS MAMIE (OTHERWISE LA SAHARA, A SNAKE-CHARMER AND FORTUNE-TELLER).



MISS MARIE DAINTON, PLAYING PAQUITA (AN EX-SPANISH DANCER).



MISS MARIE GEORGE, WHO PLAYS KATIE (A SERIO-COMIC SINGER).

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

A CHAT ABOUT CRUFT'S DOG SHOW.

CRUFT'S great Annual Dog Show brought between one and two thousand representatives of most of the finest kennels in this country to the Agricultural Hall. There was a grand entry of thirty-six Bloodhounds, and a magnificent lot they were. Both the Championships were awarded to

MR. EDWIN BROUGH'S SPLENDID PAIR,

the famous Champion Babbo and Bettina, a lovely bitch, bred by her exhibitor and not yet two years old, Mr. S. H. Mangin's celebrated Champion Hordle Hercules and his puppy, Hordle Venus, being the "Reserves" in both classes. A litter brother of the last-named, Hordle Mars (who is by Mr. Croxton Smith's Panther ex-Hordle Diana), took first honours in two classes.

Miss M. M. Stevens took the

ST. BERNARD (Dog)

Championship with her handsome rough-coated Sigurd, as well as the fifty-guinea Challenge Cup, and Mr. William Lawson's splendid young bitch, Judith Inman, that for her sex with corresponding honours in specials. Both these St. Bernards were bred in the world-famed kennels of Dr. Inman and Mr. Ben Walmsley.



THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE'S LINA II,
BITCH CHAMPIONSHIP TOY BULLS.

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

In Great Danes, champion honours were divided between Mrs. H. L. Horsfall's splendid red-fawn Viking of Redgrave, a son of the ever-to-be-regretted Champion Hannibal of Redgrave, and the foreign-bred Lady Topper.

In consideration of the unsatisfactory position for some time held by

THE OLD ENGLISH MASTIFF

in popular favour, the dozen entries at Cruft's must be regarded as good. Mr. Robert Leadbetter was the winner of both Championships with his foreign-bred Holland's Black Boy and My Molly, whose age, pedigree, and breeder are unknown. Holland's Black Boy was closely followed home by Mr. W. S. Clarke's brindle dog, Blondin, to whom many present would have given first honours. In Borzois,

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

was represented by her two Champions, Velsk and Tatiana (a daughter of the former), who here added to their already long lists of honours. Her Grace also brought a charming puppy in Zealand, a promising young dog bred by his exhibitor.

Lady Cathcart was the winner of the Dog Championship with her well known Elk-hound, Champion Jagger, and Captain A. W. Hicks-Beach took corresponding honours with Jagger's daughter, Nasmos; the Hon. Sybil L. Edwards was another first-prize winner in this breed. There was

A SPLENDID SHOW OF SPORTING DOGS

of every breed, and among them were many well-known Champions and first-prize winners. Collies were phenomenal in numbers, 238 being entered. The Princess de Montglyn carried off both Championships



MR. W. S. CLARKE'S BRINDLE MASTIFF,
BLONDIN.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

with her Champion Barwell Masterpiece and Champion Old Hall Beatrice. Mr. T. H. Stretch brought out a first-rate ten-months-old puppy, Ormskirk Persimmon, who won second in open and firsts in every other class in which he was entered, also the thirty-guinea Warwick Vase and other specials. Mrs. Panmure Gordon's Champion Wellesbourne Fame was second in the veteran class to his sire, Champion Barwell Masterpiece. Other exhibitors in this breed were Lady Cathcart, Lady Helen Craven, Miss Phyllis M. Deveson Jones, and the Rev. Hans F. Hamilton. In Smooth Collies, the Hon. R. Allsopp was the winner of brace and team honours and other awards.

Bulldog entries numbered a hundred and seventy-eight. The two Championships were

awarded to Mr. F. W. Taylor's splendid brindle Champion Portland and Mr. James Murray's La Roche, a big brindle with a grand face, splendid under-jaw and lay-back, who hails from Scotland. Mrs. Carlo Clarke's handsome dark brindle, Mersham Jumbo, the winner of over a hundred prizes and specials at former Cruft's and Crystal Palace Shows, though but little over two and a-half years old, was also a prize-winner in the heavy-weight class, in which Mr. Luke Crabtree's Duke of Albemarle took first honours.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS IN TOY BULLDOGS

were carried off by Johnnie and Lina II. Johnnie, who was also the winner of several specials, is owned by Miss Margaret Stewart, and comes from Scotland. Lina II., a well-known and lovely little bitch, looking in splendid form, headed the team shown by the Hon. Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour. Mrs. Carlo Clarke's Mersham Tiny Tee-to-Tum ran Johnnie very close for the Championship. Lady Lewis was also an exhibitor with Harpton Betsy Trot and Harpton Miss. In Skye Terriers, Sir Claude Alexander took both Championships with Accrington Wonder and Ballochmyle Beautiful; the Countess of Aberdeen taking a first and some specials with the drop-eared Angus, and several other prizes with the rest of her team. Toy dogs in themselves would have made an extensive show. Pomeranians, with an entry of a hundred and fifty, were as strong in quality as in numbers. Miss H. Chell, with her snowy beauties, all bearing the prefix of "Belper," headed the classes for white Poms., taking Championships and other honours; she showed also a magnificent team of very tiny and exquisitely shaped and coated blacks.

In the classes for brown Pomeranians, Miss Ezra's King Gem and Miss Ada de Pass's Champion of Champions and Premier Tina carried everything before them. The fame of the latter is world-wide; her portrait has appeared in papers of every nationality in which dogs are noticed. She weighs just four and a-half pounds, and is the perfection of grace and symmetry. At home she is as lively and playful as a kitten; at Shows she occasionally professes to feel bored, but, like all her sex, never tires of adulation and a just appreciation of her supreme beauty. Mrs. Barnett's lovely racoon-shaded sable, Ruffle, was very hardly dealt with at this Show. During the past year he has won fifty-five prizes, twenty-eight of them being firsts, besides premierships, cups, and medals.

AT THE GREAT LIVERPOOL SHOW,

just three weeks previous, he was awarded the Championship, as well as one at the Crystal Palace last October. Never has he looked better in coat and condition. A good water-colour portrait of him has been painted by Miss Frances C. Fairman. Ruffle has had the honour of having been used as a stud dog in the kennels of our late Queen at Windsor.

Miss Serena took the Championship prize for

JAPANESE SPANIELS

with her exquisite Kiku of Nagoya, and other honours as well as a first with her gold-and-white Fuji of Nagoya. Miss Ethel Clinton was another prize-winner in this breed with a lovely pair of puppies.

The show of Maltese dogs was a good one. Mrs. A. Hembidge Horlock took first honours in two classes with her lovely little Madame Jill, whose pretty and beautifully shaped son, Little Bobs, followed her closely home in the race for honours. He had previously been a first-prize winner in litter classes at the Summer Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association and the Crystal Palace. Other exhibitors and prize-winners were Lady Evelyn Ewart with her Toy Bull-terriers; Blanche Countess of Rosslyn and Mrs. Lane Jackson, in Yorkshires; Miss C. R. Little, with her three splendid Pugs; and Mrs. T. Dunn, in the same breed.

The Duchess of Newcastle judged Fox-terriers, giving general satisfaction with her awards. The arrangements made by Mr. C. Cruft for the comfort of toy dogs and their exhibitors were admirable.



MISS ADA DE PASS'S PREMIER TINA,
CHAMPION POMERANIAN.

Photo by Goodchild and Co., Leamington.



MRS. CARLO CLARKE'S DARK BRINDLE
MERSHAM JUMBO, BULL PRIZEWINNER.

From a photograph.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is with great pleasure that I am able to announce that we are shortly to have a new and complete English edition of the works of Tolstoy. The translations of the works of the Russian master at present on the market are, for the most part, inadequate and unsatisfactory, and, as they have been published in different styles and by different publishers, it is impossible to obtain anything like a uniform collection of Tolstoy's works. I understand that this new edition is to be an entirely new translation, and is to include practically all Tolstoy's works. May I venture to hope that Mrs. Constance Garnett may be entrusted with some important part in this great undertaking? Her knowledge of Russian and of Russian literature is remarkable, and her translation of the novels of Turgenev is altogether admirable.

Literary London is divided into two classes—those who have written "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" and those who have written "parodies of 'An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.'"

Miss Mary E. Wilkins's new novel of New England life begins in the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. The title is "The Portion of Labour," and the scene a factory-town in New England. Meanwhile, we are to have a volume of short stories from Miss Wilkins's pen, collected under the title of "Understudies."

It really looks as if some progress were soon to be made with the law of literary copyright. Lord Monckswell's Bill has been mentioned as a Government measure, and there is some chance of its becoming law during the next Session. Meanwhile, there is a likelihood of changes in the International Copyright Act in America. There has been a Governmental Inquiry as to the effect of this Act, and, from the report, it seems possible that the law as to simultaneous publication and the much-abused manufacturing clause, requiring the manufacture wholly within the United States of copyrighted books, will be abrogated. There is one delightful question put by the Commissioner of Labour who inquired into the state of the copyright law, which ought not to be missed, "Is piracy beneficial or injurious to printers or publishers?" The *Publishers' Circular's* comment on this is effective: "Fancy the great American Republic, after abolishing slavery at the cost of a bloody war, asking if piracy is beneficial to American publishers!"

All interested in publishing will watch with considerable interest the new departure of the *Daily Express*, which is attempting to pass the orders for its new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" through the booksellers. It will be noticed that, while the orders sent direct to the newspaper will not be refused, all purchasers are requested to give their order, with the preliminary remittance, to their bookseller or newsagent. I do not think that anything of this kind has been attempted before on such a large scale. Of course, the various publications recently issued on the instalment plan by the *Times*, the *Standard*, &c., were obtainable through the booksellers; but I understand that an almost negligible

percentage of orders came through the trade, whereas in the case of the *Daily Express* only a few orders are coming direct. I am afraid that it must be admitted that it is almost useless to rely upon the booksellers to push successfully these special offers, unless they are extensively advertised at the same time in the newspapers, and the question which the publisher has to decide is simply whether he can afford to pay large sums for advertising and, at the same time, allow a substantial discount on the orders sent in by the booksellers. I could tell of at least two cases where publishers of the old school, not wishing to alter their present arrangements with the trade, spent large sums (in one case running to considerably over four figures) in endeavouring to persuade the booksellers to circularise their customers and obtain orders. In both cases the offer made through the trade was a distinct failure, whereas, when it was made shortly afterwards through the newspapers, and therefore direct to the public without the intermediary of the bookseller, it proved a distinct success.

There is no doubt that this system of direct selling is a serious menace to the bookselling business. In America, where the publishers advertise that their book-shop is in every post-office throughout the States, this new system has practically annihilated the genuine bookseller. At the present, however, most publishers are anxious to keep on the best relations with the bookselling trade, and they have discouraged as far as possible any system of direct selling.

Those interested in this question may like to know that the *Daily Express* is allowing booksellers ten shillings on each order. The bookseller takes no risk, nor does he collect the payments. He simply keeps the first instalment of three shillings, which the purchaser hands him with the order, and receives a further commission of seven shillings immediately the payments are completed.

Mr. Louis Tracy, the author of "The Final War," which was exceedingly popular a year or two ago, has written a new novel somewhat in the same vein, entitled "The Invaders." I can heartily recommend the book to anyone in

search of a rattling, sensational romance, and not too squeamish in regard to probabilities and possibilities. The story is eminently suited to the spirit of the moment, and may be read as an extravagant and lively sequel to Captain Cairnes's very able book, "The Coming Waterloo." General Mercier will kindly note that, according to the eminent authority, Mr. Tracy, England is perfectly able to turn out a combined force of French and German invaders.

Mr. W. E. Henley is said to be editing a new Shakspeare for Mr. Grant Richards. The special feature of the edition is that it will be limited to a thousand copies and will contain no notes.

We are to have this spring a last book of travels by the late Captain Wellby, the brave officer of the 18th Hussars who made so many adventurous journeys. In this volume, "Twixt Sirdar and Menelik," Captain Wellby describes his travels in the Soudan, and it is said that his discussion of the present relations between Abyssinia and this country will create considerable interest.

o. o.



MISS HILDA SPONG, NOW APPEARING AT DALY'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Photo by Rose and Sands, New York.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

IN A MINORITY.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

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THE musical tinkling of china and silver being borne upon a daintily napkined tray into her darkened room awakened Miss Merriweather, of the Victory Theatre, Piccadilly Circus, and the perfume of Mocha, backed by crisp suggestions of muffin and chicken-chowder, did the rest. The actress yawned—it says much for the shape of her mouth that she could achieve this feat prettily—and then she sat up, great coils and ropes of gold-brown hair tumbling over her pink silk nightgown.

"Ten o'clock, Fleurette? Then"—the blue-grey eyes grew brilliant and dark—"the papers must be out. Get them—every one! I want to see—I want to feel—I want to be sure that it was a success last night. What are hand-shakes and uttered compliments to printing-ink and paper? Get the papers *at once!* You ought to have brought them before the tray!"

"But, Mademoiselle," said the Frenchwoman, "the papers—they have not arrived!"

"Impossible!" cried Miss Merriweather. "Why should they be late to-day, of all days in the year?"

"It is the snow detain the boys, I theenk!" explained the maid. She pulled a cord and the blind ascended, and the room, no longer softly shaded rose, was full of the cold, whitish glare reflected from the laden roofs and chilly mantled trees and night-capped chimneys. It says a great deal for Miss Merriweather's complexion that she did not shrink from the trying light. She drew her lovely, straight brown eyebrows together, looked cross for half-a-second, and then began to behold a new-laid egg, while Fleurette poured out the coffee. Just as the cup was brimmed, a step sounded outside the bedroom-door, a rustling bump made the panel quiver, and a deep bass voice boomed out—

"Here you are, Nelly, the whole bag of Press tricks!"

"O, Dad!" cried Miss Merriweather, dropping her egg-spoon and clasping her pretty hands, while Fleurette rushed to retrieve the much-desired papers, and Mr. Merriweather coughed emotionally outside. "Can it be true? Are the notices—all—good?"

"Good! Child, they're magnificent, with the exception of the *Daily Flywheel*. The new man, Duncan, has some nasty things to say. But what's one bad egg in a whole basket of good ones? Good-bye now; I'm off to the City. I shall be late, for I *had* to wait to read about the piece; but everybody else will be late too, thanks to this Santa Claus weather. So, congratulations to you, my girl, and ta-ta!"

"He's gone, and I never thought of asking him which were the best ones," reflected Miss Merriweather, contemplating the pile of newspapers. She could afford to wait to read the praise; the blame must be taken instantly. "Abuse my acting, when I had two calls after Act II., four after Act III., and I don't know how many when the drop came down!" she reflected. Then she drank her coffee, moved away the tray—because who can eat chicken-chowder after having had even *one* bad notice?—and began to read her way steadily through the pile of newspapers. She sought only for a particular column, headed, "Victory Theatre: 'Biondello's Bride,'" and it seemed to afford pleasant reading, for sometimes Miss Merriweather blushed and sometimes Miss Merriweather smiled, and at other times gave her gold-brown tresses a little toss and shake, as though to infer that she had always known what the writer of the criticism seemed to think that he had just discovered. And then she bit her lips, and a vexed frown drew her straight brown eyebrows together. A little farther on down the column, she breathed quickly, and there were drops upon her long lashes. For a serpent had hissed at her out of her basket of paper laurels—or so it seemed to her. The bad notice was a very bad notice indeed. To begin with, it was uncompromisingly, horribly, painfully true. It charged her with want of experience and training, with trying to fly before she had learnt to run, with employing her brilliant and undeniable physical advantages to dazzle and confuse and blind critical witnesses of her acting to her lack of mental grasp, of subtlety, to her ignorance of the first principles of Art, with a big "A." It charged her with vaulting ambition and lack of real purpose. It gave her credit for having more talent than she really knew of—as if that could be!—and predicted that ten years hence she would be ashamed of this champagne-pop into notoriety, and would be content with the moderate reward of painstaking labour.

"Beast!" said Miss Merriweather, vindictively biting a long tress of the gold-brown hair. "Perhaps I shall meet him some day!"

She rose, with a flash of her eyes, and a conquering, conscious glance at a long panel of looking-glass set in the wall beside her lace-draped couch. She had to go to rehearsal for "cuts" and changes and things deemed necessary by the Management. She shivered a little on the brink of her steaming, perfumed bath, as she thought of the snow that was falling heavily outside; but it was when she came down, exquisitely dressed and warmly furred, to her hall-door that she started in dismay.

Four inches of snow to walk through before she could reach the garden gate and the brougham that stood waiting! And—in silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. She glanced about her a little helplessly. Then she nodded and beckoned. "Here!" she cried. "Please come here!" And a young man in an old overcoat and red comforter, who was clearing the snow from the doorsteps of the neighbouring house, looked up and turned as red as the wool about his neck. But he shouldered his shovel, though rather defiantly, and approached the railing that divided Miss Merriweather's front-garden from that of the house next-door.

"If you are not in a *great* hurry to finish your work there," said Miss Merriweather, her breath curling about her red lips as though she were smoking an invisible cigarette, "will you, please, clear a path for me? Just from here to the carriage, so that I shall not have to walk through all this snow. As quickly as you can, please, and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

"Half-a-crown!" ejaculated the young man with the shovel. He looked like a Scotchman, had very blue eyes, and bright auburn hair and moustache which his enemies termed red. "Half-a-crown!"

"I'll make it four shillings, then," said Miss Merriweather, wondering that her smile—her smiles were esteemed as valuable as current cash by many people—had fallen upon such unappreciative surface. "I think it a *little* extortionate," she continued, shrugging her sweet chin deep into her fur; "but we all make our hay when the sun shines, don't we? And the snow is your sunshine, I suppose. Please be quick; I have a very important appointment in Piccadilly—and only half-an-hour in which to get there."

"You won't do it in forty-five minutes," said the red-haired young man. He strode over the railing as he spoke, and began to wield the shovel like a Trojan. In five minutes Miss Merriweather's dainty shoes and gleaming silken ankles tripped down to the brougham. She waited for the young man to open the door; she gave him a smile for this additional service, and dropped two two-shilling-pieces into his large, red-and-blue, but very clean hand. "Fancy a man of that class being so careful about his nails!" she might have thought, but of this I am not certain. Then the brougham rolled heavily away through the snow; the shoveller repressed an impulse to take off his old cricketing-cap, and touched it instead.

Miss Merriweather was gone, and a slim, yawning youth in slippers was calling the man with the shovel from the doorsteps of the neighbouring house—

"Duncan, old chap! Come in to breakfast. The grilled kidneys are gettin' cold. . . . By George! *you're* hot enough!"

"Exercise!" said Angus Duncan, shortly, pulling off the red comforter and hanging it on the hat-stand. "Been shovelling away the snow."

His friend and companion-in-chambers burst into a laugh.

"Next-door, as well. I saw you *and* the fair Merriweather. What a stunning walk she has! I say, old fellow, if she guessed you'd written the criticism in the *Flywheel*, would she have looked at you so amiably?"

"She did not look at me at all," said Duncan, throwing himself into his seat at table. "She took me for a road-sweeper and tipped me."

The black eyes of the younger man danced in his head.

"Tipped you!"

"Four shillings!" Duncan jingled the coins in his hand.

"She knew who you were and did it to retaliate."

"Bosh!"

"Bosh, as you like! It was a piece of acting."

"Haven't I told you and told the public she can't act—at least, not yet?" said Angus Duncan, his whole face hardening.

"I and the public refuse to agree with you."

"Because she is so—beautiful!" The word stuck in Duncan's throat. "Because she has eyes like mountain tarns, with stars drowning in them, and a Dryad's cheek and throat and tangle of hair, and a voice like the south wind! Because she has a lovely body, you all take it for granted that it must be the sheath for that flaming sword—genius! Fools that you are! Fool that you are making of *her* with your unjudging, indiscriminate praise!"

"You're a queer beggar!" said Duncan's friend. "You've rated the Merriweather for nuts in that notice of the show last night, and yet I wouldn't bet you're not more sweet on her than any of us."

"If I worshipped her," said Angus Duncan between his strong white teeth; "if the mere sound of her voice was the music of the spheres to me, and the mere thought of her touch set my heart on fire, I would not lie to or deceive her, even if I gained, by the mere shadow of a lie, the reality that I shall—never grasp. She is safe enough, secure enough, happy enough on the gingerbread throne where less honest men have set her. Let her reign. One voice will not be heard amidst the cheers—one pair of hands will not serve to dethrone her. But, if they could—" He stopped.

"If they could," said his friend, "I suppose you mean—they should."

"For truth's sake, they should," said Angus Duncan sternly.

Time went on, and the piece at the Victory Theatre, after a run of three hundred nights, was replaced by another. And, when the rehearsals began, Miss Merriweather, usually so calmly confident, knew for



"I hope you liked that pine-apple I sent you, Pat?"
"Well, yis, Sorr, thank ye. But ut took a dale o' cookin', Sorr."
"How did you eat it, then?"
"We boiled ut wi' a leg o' mutton, Sorr."

the first time what it was to feel nervous. Her work did not satisfy her; she changed her business over and over again, made and re-made her points, and was feverish in her anxiety about the merest details.

"As though you hadn't only to go in and win!" said her manager cheerily.

She looked at him with wide, wistful eyes.

"You are kind to be so sure. But, suppose I do not—win? Or"—she seemed to be blindly grasping, in her mind, for the expression that alone could convey her meaning—"suppose I only *seem* to people to win, and fail to myself?"

The manager laughed outright.

"So long as the public are pleased"—he slapped his pockets—"the piece will pay. And myself and the Syndicate are not likely to ask any more of you, my dear lady, than booked seats and a full treasury. And, if you are wise, you'll stick to your first conception of the new part. It was—broader and—er—more satisfying. Now, somehow, you seem to us to sacrifice strong effects for mere exquisiteness. But—you know best. One thing, I must say, strikes me as wrong. It's the veil you wear as Marda—"

"Oh, Mr. Elwyn! It is a *real* Druse veil. It was sent with the costume from the Lebanon."

"My dear Miss Merriweather, I don't care—forgive me!—whether it was sent from Jericho; but I should like to despatch it back there, and have something in its place more stylish and *chic*."

"But—but Marda's heart has been broken—she is dying of grief! What does she care whether she is *chic* or dowdy?"

"Ah! there you're essentially right—and essentially wrong. She doesn't care, but the audience do. And then—forgive me, but it is really necessary to say it—in that parting scene, where you say, 'Thus, let me what's its name and thingumbob'—"

"Thus let me hide myself and steal away, unseen and undiscovered."

"Thank you; that's it. Well, when you say that, you cover yourself completely with that—ahem!—objectionable veil, though the situation is the most picturesque in the whole play."

"But, dear Mr. Elwyn, the spirit of the lines . . ."

"The lines! Oh, well, the *lines* may mean that Marda wraps herself up like a mummy when there are four limelights turned on her at once; but common sense and public taste demand— But I won't bother you. You'll come round to our view before the opening night."

That opening night was one of May—a hot, summery May. Town was full, and the Victory Theatre was packed to the very walls. And in the stalls, with other Press representatives, sat a red-headed, red-moustached, blue-eyed, hard-jawed young man whose name was Duncan.

"Come to have another shy at the popular idol, old fellow?" said a friend. Angus Duncan looked at him and nodded as the curtain went up. His brows were knit, his jaws sternly set, as the whole house broke into applause upon the entrance of Marda.

"Poor girl! How nervous!" said a lady near Duncan, as the first faltering tones of the beautiful voice sounded in the hushed house.

"Terribly gone off in power!" lisped a fatuous youth in the row behind.

"She is beginning to *realise*—there is hope for her," said Duncan harshly.

The curtain fell upon the First Act, and people crowded to the lobbies to discuss. Opinions conflicted. Nobody praised. Duncan sat in his stall and communed with himself.

"Who would have thought it? It has come to her. Who would have expected this—so soon? Why, she can *act*!" he said over and over again. He glowed with a dull, fierce triumph. He would be able to praise—at last—and, in praising, be sincere. And Act followed Act, and the curtain fell amidst clamours—not of acclamation. And then Duncan rose up and shouldered his way out, and went down to the office of the *Flywheel* and wrote his notice of the new play. You will understand that he was a very obstinate young man.

He finished as Miss Merriweather shut her swollen eyes and laid her weary head upon her pillow, knowing that no laurels would crown it upon the morrow.

"The papers, oh! the papers in the morning!" she sighed; and when Fleurette came in with the tray and a huge armful of daily publications, it was with an effort that she unfolded the first that came to hand—which happened to be the *Flywheel*. Then, as she read, the colour flooded her pale face and her lip quivered. Praise—praise—kindly, encouraging praise! when she knew that she had failed—failed miserably. She put the notice aside with a trembling hand, and went through all the others.

"Lash away!" she said, setting her little teeth. "You hurt, but you tell the truth. I can't act, though you said I could at first. Jeer; you can't despise me more than I do." But she broke down and cried for her lost hopes and her vanity wounded to death, as piteously as a child over a broken toy.

Her father had gone to the City, leaving a note of kindly sympathy for his disappointed girl. He couldn't stay and face her; he would be in better trim when they met later on. Miss Merriweather dressed languidly to go down to rehearsal. She knew that the fortnight's notice would be posted on the green-room door. But that did not prevent her from wearing a new and wondrous hat, or from pulling her little central brow-curl down between her straight eyebrows under her veil. She was ready, and Fleurette, drying a sympathising tear, opened the hall-door. A young gentleman with red hair and moustache, in correct calling-clothes, was discovered outside in the act of knocking a double knock with the hand that held his cane. In the other he held a large and costly

bouquet, and his jaw was set in a way that would have warned one who knew him that he meant to go through with something. Of course, it was Angus Duncan.

"I beg your pardon," said he; and it was always easy, when Duncan was nervous, to run down his accent and locate it North of the Tweed, "but I ventured to call. These flowers are for Miss Merriweather."

"You are very kind," she said, confronting him. "I am Miss Merriweather."

"Then I may congratulate you personally," said Angus Duncan, handing the flowers to the French maid, "upon your success last night."

"Success!" cried Miss Merriweather, flushing crimson. Her eyes were lances, ready to pierce.

"It seemed a success to me, though I am bound to confess that nobody agrees with me," said Angus Duncan coolly. "May I walk with you as far as the gate?" He did so without waiting for her consent. "It was winter when we last stood here together," he went on; "the snow was on the ground—"

"I felt as though it were summer!" said Miss Merriweather drearily. "Now—"

"Now it is bleak winter to you," said Duncan, "and the snow seems deeper and colder than before. I shovelled it away for you then," he went on: "I wish I could do it now!"

A light of recognition came into Miss Merriweather's sad face.

"Why! You were the man—you had a spade and comforter—and I called you—I paid you. . . . Oh, how did it happen?" she cried.

"You see, I lodge next-door," said Angus Duncan. "My rooms are next to yours, on the other side of the wall. It is a very pleasant neighbourhood."

"It is very far from Fleet Street," said Miss Merriweather coldly.

"It has advantages which counterbalance that drawback," remarked Duncan. "Although I have a long way to go to reach the office of the *Flywheel*—"

"The *Flywheel*! Oh, the name upon the card was— You are Mr. Duncan? You wrote the notice of the play last night?" Her cheeks burned. "You stand alone in your favourable opinion of my—of my performance," she said stiffly.

"I am an obstinate sort of fellow," said Angus Duncan, "and like to support a minority."

"Ah! if it is pity—"

She would not go on. "It is not pity," said Duncan.

Miss Merriweather turned and looked at him. His face was enigmatical.

"You are one man," she said, "trying to keep my poor little wax-candle burning against a crowd who are trying to blow it out."

"It will be a torch to light the world with one day," said Duncan hotly, "if only you will be brave and work."

"I will," said Miss Merriweather.

"Good-bye!" said Duncan. He extended his hand with two coins in the palm—two two-shilling pieces.

"The same?" she asked.

"The same!" he nodded. "Will you take them back?"

"No; keep them," said Miss Merriweather, "for sweeping the snow away!"

"Thank you," said Duncan. "It would have been hard to part with them."

"Would it?" said Miss Merriweather.

He nodded with set teeth. "I can conceive only one harder thing."

"And that?" asked Miss Merriweather.

"That would be to hear from your lips that, no matter how hard I try, no matter how long and faithfully I serve—you could never love me!" said this obstinate young man.

Miss Merriweather met his glance and blushed beautifully.

"It's rather—early for asking, isn't it?" she observed.

"Thank you," said Angus; "I will wait and—ask again."

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

Simple, but rich in sympathy.

From out the storm she came:

The zephyrs breathed a melody

Her advent to proclaim;

And the Sun, aglow with gallantry,

Made her a path of flame.

Stooping, the tender plants she fed

With kisses full and warm:

The Silkworm spun his finest thread

Around her slender form;

And the Thrush sang out as she tossed her head

And laughed at the beaten storm.

Then England doffed her robe of grey,

And rose to greet the Spring:

The night of tears was o'er: to-day

She tuned her heart to sing—

While her children echoed it far away—

"The King! God save the King!"

KEBLE HOWARD.

"THE CLIMBERS," CLYDE FITCH'S LATEST SUCCESS IN NEW YORK.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



Richard Sterling (Mr. Frank Worthing). Mrs. Sterling (Miss Amelia Bingham). Edward Warden (Mr. Robert Edeson).

WARDEN FORCES STERLING TO CONFESS HIS MISDEEDS IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS WIFE.

Richard Sterling (Mr. Frank Worthing).

Miss May Robson.



Miss Sillerton (Miss Ysobel Haskins). Mrs. Sterling (Miss Amelia Bingham). Miss Elsie de Wolf. Miss Maxine Elliott.

A SCENE AT REHEARSAL: THREE FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTRESSES CONGRATULATING THE COMPANY.

(See Next Page.)

A THEATRICAL LEAFLET.

"THE CLIMBERS," IN NEW YORK.

SIGNS are not wanting that America, like England, has been bitten by the Scandinavian problem-play microbe. For example, take "The Climbers," the newest work of that hitherto quite pleasant comedy-writer, Mr. Clyde Fitch. Although Mr. Fitch's dramatic works for the English stage, starting with a comedy for Mrs. John Wood, have never yet achieved success, yet, in America, there are few more successful and popular dramatists.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's latest play is, in a great measure, a satire upon the feverish struggle that goes on in and around New York City among a certain class who pine for what is locally known as "swagger," or gilded Society. This exclusive "set"—answering to our "Upper Ten Thousand"—used to be called "The Four Hundred," but, as most students of Sociology nowadays know, frantic attempts have been made of late by the best multi-millionaire circles to reduce this Four Hundred to One!

"The Climbers" has for its chief character a "smart" young husband who, while appearing to his wife to be quite a "solid" man, as they say out there, has really founded his status by reason of fraud and embezzlement—in point of fact, all his glory is built upon appropriated trust-moneys. An apparently well-intentioned friend of the family discovers the true inwardness of things, first offers to help his friend out of the fix, but anon makes him confess all his misdeeds in the presence of his heart-broken wife. This confession is, by wish of the culprit, made in utter darkness, and forms the great scene of the play: it is one of the points illustrated by our pictures.

Presently, however, this "friend" makes a confession on his own account, which is that he dearly loves his fraudulent young friend's wife. From this point, matters matrimonial and otherwise become considerably mixed. To cut a long story short, the perplexed young bankrupt thinks it will be better for all parties if he "removes" himself, which he very soon does by poison. He thus dies quietly by his own fireside, while his wife and her well-off—if not now too well-intentioned—admirer fancy he is asleep, and steal off on tip-toe for a quiet little tête-à-tête in the garden.

This problem-play is capitally acted by Miss Amelia Bingham, as the "smart" young wife, Mrs. Sterling, by Mr. Frank Worthing, an English actor, as the eventually self-slaying husband, and Mr. Robert Edeson, as the "friend."

One of our pictures is a snapshot of a rehearsal of "The Climbers," with the beautiful Miss Maxine Elliott congratulating Miss Bingham on her acting. At the moment of writing, it seems that "The Climbers" may be seen in London anon.

MISS OLIVE MARSTON.

Miss Olive Marston, whose portrait is herewith presented, is a young actress who has come very rapidly to the front. It was not long after she started playing very small parts that she blossomed forth as a leading

actress, singer, and dancer of burlesque, pantomime, and musical comedy, whereupon she was promptly snapped up by that shrewd judge, Mr. George Edwardes, who for a long time sent her around London and the provinces in principal lady characters in "The Circus Girl," &c. Miss Marston has for many weeks been achieving a wonderful success as the "principal boy" in the fine pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, and it is in this character that the photograph represents her. Considering her vivacity and artistic ability, it is only to be expected that Miss Olive Marston will soon be seen in a West-End theatre.



MISS OLIVE MARSTON, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

From a Photograph.

MISS JESSIE GUNTER,

who has now been playing the comparatively small but essential rôle of Madame Dufresne for some little time in Mrs. Lewis Waller's "Zaza" company on tour, exhibits a thoroughly artistic appreciation of the requirements of the part, while her fairness of complexion and her refined deportment lend the necessary foil to the more lurid and meretricious attraction of Zaza so splendidly and powerfully portrayed by Mrs. Lewis Waller. Miss Gunter had just completed an engagement with Mr. Abud while playing "the other woman," Mrs. Arbuthnot, in Mrs. Oscar Beringer's striking play, "Jim Belmont," on tour, when she was wired to by Mrs. Waller to play "the wife" in "Zaza." A midnight

journey and two short rehearsals represented the interval between the two engagements. Equally pleasant engagements, though in more novitiate days, are remembered by Miss Gunter when understudying in one of Arthur Collins's companies and "walking on" under Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, while her small part in "Don Juan's Last Wager" is associated with appreciation of the invariable kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey during that engagement. Miss Jessie Gunter desires to claim fellowship with the band of earnest workers, as she is really devoted to her profession, in which she has evinced much dramatic talent and considerable versatility.

MISS STELLA ST. AUDRIE.

Miss Stella St. Audrie, who lately joined Mr. Arthur Roberts's "Cruise of H.M.S. Irresponsible" Company, is a very clever young actress and the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice. She played the title-rôle in Mr. Henry Parker's opera, "Kitty," with considerable success, and has been heard more than once on the London concert-platform. The accompanying photograph is taken in the rôle of La Favorita ("The Circus Girl"), in Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's Répertoire Company. Miss St. Audrie was also very successful in the parts of Lady Virginia Forest and Lady Dodo Singleton, both of which she played with much charm and verve.

MR. LEWIS WALLER

has accepted from Mr. Cyril Hallward a romantic drama of modern life, entitled "A Soldier of Fortune." This is an original play, and is not to be confused with Mr. Harding Davis's novel, "Soldiers of Fortune." The production of Mr. Hallward's play must depend on Mr. Waller's other engagements, as the continued success of "Henry the Fifth," at the Lyceum, removes all chance of its being seen there. If Mr. Waller should procure a suitable theatre, he will produce this new play during the present year.

THE "O. P." CLUB

had a lively discussion at the Criterion Restaurant on Feb. 18. The subject was the determination of Mr. Lowenfeld to make the *première*

of the new Apollo Theatre a "private view," as it were, of "The Belle of Bohemia." Mr. Carl Hentschel, one of the most zealous upholders of the rights of audiences, opened the debate in admirable judicial style. He did not deny that Mr. Lowenfeld has full right to do what he likes with his own playhouses, but he contended that in "packing his house" on a first-night, when the representatives of the Press are present, he set an example that should raise a protest from those paying playgoers who have so long formed the backbone of theatrical first-night audiences. Mr. Hentschel pleaded that pit and gallery, at least, should be open to paying playgoers.



MISS STELLA ST. AUDRIE, ON TOUR IN "H.M.S. IRRESPONSIBLE."

Photo by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE OPERA SEASON IN LONDON.

OPERA-GOERS will probably have to wait a little longer than usual for the opening of the Opera Season at Covent Garden Theatre. The Royal Opera Syndicate, naturally desirous of maintaining Royal patronage, will study the convenience of their Majesties by commencing a few days later in May than is ordinarily the case. The season promises to be a brilliant one. Some important novelties are already announced. "The Nibelungen Ring" will be shelved for this season, and few tears will be shed on that account, Wagnerites being consoled by some elaborate representations of other of the great composer's works, which will be rendered all the more effective by the elaborate stage-alterations. It is a satisfaction to know that operas will be produced at Covent Garden this year with a splendour and completeness hitherto unknown.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S LATEST.

Another item of musical news is most welcome. Dr. Villiers Stanford, one of the foremost of our native musicians, has written a beautiful work, with Shakspeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" as the libretto. On a former occasion, Dr. Stanford had to get an important work produced in Germany, because no English manager would take notice of it. I should not be surprised if his musical setting of "Much Ado About Nothing" proves a masterpiece. By the way, the great French composer, Berlioz, wrote a grand opera on the same subject, but it was not particularly attractive in melody.

A FINE STATUE OF VERDI

will shortly be erected at Milan, the city where the famous Italian composer first won fame and where he ended his days, beloved as so great and so benevolent a genius should be. The room in the hotel where he died is henceforth to be transformed into a Verdi Museum, as the hotel-keeper declares he will never let it to another visitor. Londoners who wish to contribute towards the expense of the statue should send to Signor Ricordi, the eminent music-publisher a few doors from Oxford Circus.

SATURDAY CONCERTS

at the Crystal Palace appear likely to be revived on something like the old footing. At any rate, the season has commenced well, with Mr. Manns at the head of an orchestra which, in artistic effect and richness of tone, could not easily be surpassed. They played Beethoven's noble Symphony No 4 in B-flat grandly, Mr. Manns conducting to perfection. The orchestra was also excellent in the accompaniments to Beethoven's Violin Concerto, the solo part being played magnificently by Lady Hallé, who, after performing ever since she was six years of age, still retains her admirable style, brilliant execution, and grand tone. Madame Ella Russell, whose fine voice remains in splendid condition, sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" and Weber's "Softly Sighs" in her very best style.

AN EXCELLENT ENGLISH MUSICIAN,

Mr. Algernon Lindo, gave a concert at Steinway Hall a few days since, when some of his own compositions were heard with much pleasure by a large audience. Mr. Algernon Lindo is one of our best native composers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL AND QUEEN'S HALL

continue to be the chief centres of the fashionable concerts. At the former the Ash Wednesday Sacred Concert proved remarkably attractive. The Ysaye Quartet have delighted the musical public at the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts with which the eminent firm of Messrs. Chappell and Co. is so honourably associated; and Mr. William Boosey announces the last Ballad Concert but one at St. James's Hall for this (Wednesday) afternoon. That exquisitely skilful pianist, Signor Busoni, who charmed everyone by his beautiful rendering of Chopin's twelve Studies, Op. 25, has been repeating his triumphs at the Queen's Hall, where he is deservedly a great favourite.

"HENRY THE FIFTH," AT THE LYCEUM.

The Lyceum production of "Henry the Fifth" has reached and passed its fiftieth performance, and, so far as one can judge, nothing save "previous engagements" will prevent it from scoring two or three

"centuries." Since the memorable first-night, no little has been done to cause the revival to become brisker and more homogeneous, and now it seems likely to stand in memory as the best of our times, owing to the excellence of Mr. Lewis Waller, whose Henry shows his art at its best, and to Mr. Mollison and the other admirable artists who support him in the truly English play. The portfolio of photographs by Langfrier, presented gratis at the fiftieth performance, was an exceedingly handsome gift.

"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The revival at the Duke of York's Theatre will be welcomed by all playgoers, who missed Mr. Anthony Hope's charming play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," as well as by many who will be glad to renew acquaintance with the pretty piece received with enthusiasm the other night. "Lady Ursula" is far too young to show any signs of the malady of old age which races upon plays: it is richer in point of dialogue than almost any work seen by playgoers of this generation, and has an amusing intrigue very ingeniously conducted by its distinguished author. Who asks for more—save one thing, and that is excellent acting? And, with Miss Millard and Mr. Herbert Waring in the cast, one has the chief parts played brilliantly; whilst Miss Agnes Miller, Mr. Charles Fulton, and Mr. Raimeond do service of great value in the less important parts entrusted to them.

"THE BELLE OF BOHEMIA," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Of course, the event of the past week was the opening of the new playhouse, at present called "The Apollo Theatre," for it is believed that Mr. Lowenfeld may change the name to one associated with that of the new King. Concerning the discussion which took place in the Theatrical Clubs because on the first-night no seats were sold to the public, *The Sketch* has little to say, except, perhaps, by way of protest against the theory that the critics cannot, or should not, make up their minds without the assistance of the public at a first-night audience. No doubt, even the most austere and the most impressionist play-taster feels that the public opinion is an important element in the question he has to answer by his criticism, but some think they have the higher function of expressing as far as possible an absolute opinion of their own as to the merit of the play.

There was a prodigious crowd at the invitation performance—what would have happened if there had been an alarm of fire goodness knows!—and most people seemed delighted by the gorgeous decoration of the house. Some critics pretended that there was less taste than gold used in the treatment, but, of course, such buildings are not intended for critics; whilst those guests who complained that the rows of seats were too close together forgot the exigencies of the peculiar occasion. The play chosen for the birth of the new theatre is one which would have surprised the titular patron of the theatre. Apollo would have found "The Belle of Bohemia."

AN EYE-OPENER.

No doubt, his keen eye would have delighted in the superb young ladies who thronged the stage in gorgeous gowns and lovely hats bearing the unmistakable *cachet* of the Maison de Cr  m, and even his sense of form would have admired the lovely shoulders and the shapely limbs displayed without undue economy. When, however, he came to consider the piece, he would probably have thrown up his hand and his hands. For the book is ultra-American: one important character is a *matin  e* actor. We used to have *matin  e* actors a lustrum ago who tempted fortune at experimental *matin  es* on drowsy summer afternoons; but they are gone, and they never were, like Mr. Algy Cuffs, the idol of the *matin  e* girls. You will admit that everybody delighted in Mr. Sullivan as the polite lunatic, and used to laugh when he said, "I don't recognition you"; but to have two Sullivans—and yet not one—who don't "recognition" people for some hours is a little too much. However, the manager with scissors and blue pencil ere now has been at work upon "The Belle of Bohemia," and, with some hints from the unassisted critics, will have rendered the piece a little shorter and sharper, and introduced some songs to gratify our reasonable desire for an element of sweetness in the *pot-pourri*. The welcome given to clever Miss Marie Dainton when she



"THE BELLE OF BOHEMIA," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

"AH! QUE J'AIME LES MILITAIRES!"

Photo by Hall, New York.

sang a pretty lullaby, written by Mr. Englander, composer of the musical farce, will have shown how unwise it is to rely on the comic alone. Miss Dainton, deserting the halls, made quite a "hit"; a pity she has not a greater chance of showing her skill in dancing. Miss Marie George, though full of energy and archness, seemed a little overburdened



MISS DAISY THIMM, WHO PLAYS "SWEET LAVENDER" WITH SWEET SIMPLICITY ON TOUR WITH MR. EDWARD TERRY.

Photo by Draycott.

by the music liberally allotted to her. Concerning her ability, there is no room for doubt, but it was not employed with great wisdom. A new-comer, Miss Anna Laughlin, showed some skill as a dancer. Mr. Carle, an old friend, represented the matinée actor, and sang two songs successfully in his mournful manner. His part, presumably by the author's desire, is always deliberately out of the picture, or, at least, outside the frame. The greatest success was that of Mr. D. L. Don, one of the German-American Dromios of the piece, for the plot is founded on "The Comedy of Errors," or its predecessors. Mr. Don is a clever, energetic man, unburdened by any theories of restraint; but I am not sure he would have made a "hit" had there never been a Willie Edouin for him to copy. Mr. Dave Lewis, the other Dromio, was not unamusing, and Mr. Schiller, from the Shaftesbury, was successful in his burlesque scenes. Perhaps the critic should say "The Belle of Bohemia" has too much sound and too little sense, and that it is a pity to see clever people engaged in presenting such an artless collection of scraps, yet, without forming any opinion from the actual reception, I think I can safely guess that, when well licked into shape and deprived of its vulgarity, the new Belle, if no rival of the old, will find and please many admirers, and that the playhouse will be filled for some time to come by people anxious to see the new crimson and white and gold home of drama, and the latest, and perhaps most American, of the Transatlantic go-as-you-please musical farces.

MISS DAISY THIMM,

a young actress who trod the histrionic boards for the first time last February, is now making a pretty and sympathetic Lavender in Mr. Edward Terry's successful tour of Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," and by her rendering of this and other leading parts has already proved her right to a position in the theatrical world. Miss Thimm "went on the stage" to walk on during Mr. Benson's season at the Lyceum Theatre, also going with that manager to the Shakspeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, an experience which she fully enjoyed and of which she is most proud. Then she was engaged by Mr. Arthur Collins to play Dora Woodbery, in "Hearts are Trumps," for the last three weeks of his suburban tour, and from that company went to the North to play Audrey in "As You Like It," Balthazar in "The Merchant," and to walk on in "Othello" with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche, returning to town to be engaged by Mr. Edward Terry for his winter tour, for Lavender, Mildred in "The Passport," and various parts in "Kerry," "Love in Idleness," and other plays.

MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND,

a very handsome and gifted young actress, already popular with the London public, is now playing the bright and wayward Minnie Gilfillian in "Sweet Lavender," on Mr. Edward Terry's suburban tour.

Miss Hammond has now been on the stage about four years, winning her spurs during Mr. Forbes-Robertson's season at the Lyceum Theatre, where she made marked successes as the Player Queen in "Hamlet," Marie in "Magda," and Eileen in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," also accompanying that company to Germany. During her present engagement with Mr. Terry, Miss Hammond has played a round of parts with the greatest success, though perhaps the most attractive impersonations have been her Minnie and her clever rendering of the very difficult part of the forgetful Mrs. D'Arcy in "The Passport."

THE CAST OF "THE SILVER SLIPPER,"

which will probably be produced at the Lyric Theatre about Easter, promises to be exceedingly strong, as Mr. Tom B. Davis is constantly making additional engagements. Amongst the artists, there may be mentioned Mr. E. Dagnall, Mr. Henri Leoni, the charming soloist and duettist (with Mr. Maurice Farkoa), and Miss Connie Ediss. "Florodora" is, however, going so strong, especially since the return of Willie Edouin, that I should not be surprised if "The Silver Slipper" were postponed till the autumn.

THE "KHAKI ALPHABET."

A dramatic recitation exceedingly up-to-date evoked considerable applause at the capital "Smoker" of the Royal Courts of Justice staff. A cheap and popular souvenir of this clever epitome in rhyme of the War of 1899-1901 is issued by Mr. Edward Arnold under the above title. It has been illustrated by that favourite *Sketch* artist, Mr. Tom Browne. The clever rhymes are by Mr. R. D. Powles, another popular member of the Savage Club, and a good reciter.

To-night (Wednesday) Mrs. Patrick Campbell will at the Royalty replace Mr. Frank Harris's somewhat "sultry" (but not too successful) play, "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," with Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero's somewhat less "sultry" comedy, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," with Mrs. Campbell in her original character of the notorious Agnes, who is given, you may remember, to burning Bibles in the family stove.

It would appear that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's next new venture at the Royalty will be a drama entitled "Black China." Mrs. Patrick Campbell has also an adaptation by Mr. J. D. Byrne of Sudermann's "Johannisfeuer." The English name is "Bonfire Night."

Certain newspapers appear to have just discovered that a romantic drama adapted from a story of Marion Crawford's, and entitled "In the Palace of the King," is likely to be soon seen in England, under the auspices of Mr. Paul Arthur. This is not particularly new, seeing that not only was a full description of this play given in *The Sketch* some weeks ago, but, at the same time, there was given a prediction of this stirring romantic play's imminent transference to the British Isles.

At the Kennington Theatre, where Mr. Charles Warner and his beautiful daughter Grace have just finished a most successful engagement



MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND AS MINNIE GILFILLIAN IN "SWEET LAVENDER."

Photo by Draycott.

in "Drink," Mr. Robert Arthur is presenting this week Mr. Wilson Barrett and Co. in "Quo Vadis?" "The Manxman," and "The Silver King." Earlier in the week, "The Sign of the Cross" was given.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Government and Cyclists—"Rational" Dress—Cycle Accommodation at Hotels—The Testing of Machines.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 27, 6.33; Thursday, 6.35; Friday, March 1, 6.37; Saturday, 6.38; Sunday, 6.40; Monday, 6.42; Tuesday, 6.44.

It is usual nowadays for everybody to say harsh things against the War Office, and certainly cyclists have not been remiss in applying abusive epithets to the gentlemen in Pall Mall. Corps of Cycling Volunteers are springing up all over the country, and naturally the members feel a little sore that the War Office receives somewhat coldly the continued request that a well-organised body of cyclists be sent to "the Front" in South Africa. Nobody now can deny the use of the cycle in warfare, chiefly for the purpose of scouting. It is not for me to play apologist for the War Office. Yet, as one who has had some experience in rough-country riding, I can well understand the objections in the mind of the authorities as to employing cyclists on a large scale. No doubt, the orders for the conduct of Cycle Corps are little else than a lot of nonsense; but, apart from this, there are a number of quite reasonable objections to cyclist-warriors, although I don't fancy that the mortality of cycles on the veldt would be any greater than among horses. Much abuse has been flung at the War Office for favouring cushion tyres rather than pneumatics. It is a matter on which there is no room for argument that pneumatic tyres are best. But I can recall painful days in my own experience, when I have not been harassed by any bloodthirsty Boers, but when I would have condemned pneumatics to perdition and would have given anything for cushion tyres. That was, of course, when one was away in an inhospitable region and when the rubber rotted and the canvas tore in a way those things have of doing when one happens to be a hundred miles or so from adequate repairing material.

For a time, at any rate, the courageous ladies who have been endeavouring to persuade their cycling sisters to abandon flopping skirts and take to what is called "rational" dress have retired from the struggle. Nothing, it seems, less than the adoption of the bifurcated skirt by an English Princess will ever bring the ordinary Englishwoman to regard "rationals" as other than improper. Writing as a mere man, and as one who has run the gauntlet of street criticism while riding a Pedersen, I can well understand how a sensible woman, while admitting that "rationals" are really rational, shrinks from the comments of the small boys. One reason why the bifurcated garment has not caught on in this country is due, I think, somewhat to the fact that the ladies who have been its most zealous advocates have not been particularly charming of feature, and have taken a sort of delight in rigging themselves out in clothes of poor cut and most villainous colour. You have only to see a pretty French girl in a well-cut "rational" costume to admit that it is neither indelicate nor unbecoming. Anyway, as far as England is concerned, the fight is practically given up.

The authorities of the Cyclists' Touring Club might do well if they approached the proprietors of hotels on their list in regard to having

better accommodation for the cycles of visitors. Although one pays twopence or threepence for the care of one's machine while having lunch, it is very rare that any special bicycle-stand is provided. You usually have to trundle the machine into an outhouse and lean it against a wall or the wheel of some carriage, or you have to take it into the stable and find some empty horse-box. Every hotel that is at all frequented by touring cyclists must make several pounds a-week through caring for machines. They might, at least, have a special shed for cycles, and proper stands.

Referring to my comments the other week, that it would be a good plan if we had all cycles thoroughly tested by a competent authority before placing them on the market, a manufacturer of chains writes me that his firm make it a point of putting all their chains to the severest possible strain, so that the chance of their snapping is reduced to nigh a vanishing point. A manufacturer of bicycles also writes that his firm take the utmost care in having machines carefully examined before being sent out to purchasers. All this is probably true enough. These two gentlemen, however, seem entirely to have missed my point. I was arguing not that big firms failed to produce good material, but that a rigorous testing would do away with those small firms who really keep in existence by putting rubbish upon the market and selling it to the unwary. A well-known firm would have no objection to have their machines bear a stamp that they had been independently tested, whereas, no doubt, the dealers in six- or seven-guinea machines would have the very best of reasons to shrink from their manufactures being subjected to such a test.

J. F. F.

TWO NEW ENGAGEMENTS.

Two interesting engagements have taken place within the last few days. Lady Sybil Cuffe, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Desart, and one of the most intellectual as well as one of the prettiest girls in Society, has become engaged to Mr. Bayard Cutting, who is Secretary to the American Ambassador. Very, very rarely do we hear of an Anglo-American alliance where the bride-elect belongs to the great English

world, and there can be no doubt that, on her arrival in the States, Lady Sybil Cutting, as she will then be, will receive quite an impressive amount of attention from the New York "Four Hundred."

Another engagement which is naturally interesting to the Royal Family is that of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Ward's pretty daughter Sybil to the young Lieutenant Blundell who was Prince Christian Victor's greatest friend, and who brought back to this country the ill-fated Royal soldier's personal possessions, being on this occasion most kindly and, indeed, affectionately received by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who heard from him all the details concerning her beloved eldest son's last illness and death. Mr. Blundell is a brother of Mrs. Colin Keppel, one time Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He is a clever young man and a gallant soldier, and is sure to make his way. His future bride, the granddaughter of the late Madame de Falbe, has already received many small marks of favour from King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who were on most affectionate terms of personal friendship with the clever and accomplished lady who made Luton Hoo so great a social centre and such a famous rendezvous during the last quarter of the century.



MISS ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON, THE WELL-KNOWN WRITER.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

News from "the Front."

In a recent number of *The Sketch* I expressed disappointment at the Newmarket steeplechases being abandoned. Colonel Harry McCalmont, M.P., has written from Bloemfontein as follows: "I shall be much obliged if you will inform 'Captain Coe' that each meeting held on my course at Newmarket costs me between four and five hundred pounds. The entry-money and gate-receipts do not pay the prize-money and expenses, let alone any rent for course or capital expended in stands, which I provide free. There are no financial 'promoters' of the meeting, as 'Captain Coe' appears to think, and I therefore consider I have been quite justified in not holding the meetings in the past year, in my absence. In order, however, not to allow the fixture to lapse, I have already (long before 'Captain Coe's' remarks appeared) given instructions to hold a meeting in February, which I hope will be the success 'Captain Coe' assumes to be possible, but which my experience has taught me is not the case with steeplechase meetings at Newmarket." It is a pleasure to hear from Colonel McCalmont, even though I stand corrected in my surmise that steeplechasing at Newmarket ought to be made to pay. One thing is certain: we are all indebted to Mr. McCalmont for providing us with sport during the winter months at Newmarket, and I hope yet to learn that his efforts have met with their due reward.

The Lincoln Spring Meeting opens on March 25, and already punters are beginning to prospect for good things. Many of the plungers have held aloof from steeplechasing, as the game is not worth the candle, and form works out execrably. Flat-racing, however, has an attraction for the multitude, and there is every reason to expect a very busy season so far as the sport is concerned. But, if I read the barometer rightly, ante-post betting will give way to starting-price business before very long, as the Yankee invasion has caused many men to delay their investments until they have discovered which horse the foreigners were going for. According to rumour, Maher has given it to the multitude that he is very likely to head the winning-jockey list in England this year. He may, if his mounts are picked for him, but he will have riders like M. Cannon, the Brothers Reiff, and S. Loates to reckon with. Lester Reiff is bound to turn up at the end of the season, especially should he take the mount on Mr. Musker's two-year-olds. Sam Loates will ride plenty of good horses for Mr. Sievier, Sir Blundell Maple, and others, and M. Cannon will do better this year than he did last if he gets the pick of the riding for Porter's and Marsh's stables. All the same, I think Maher's mounts would pay for finding. He is a very capable horseman.

Correspondents. A lady writes to me from Bombay asking for the certain winner of this year's Derby; the horse must start at a long price and be a certainty. The above is a fair sample of the correspondence I receive daily the year through. A fair correspondent once sent me three five-pound notes, and asked me to turn them into fifty pounds to pay her expenses during a fortnight's stay at Great Yarmouth. The funniest part of the business was her forgetting to put any address in her letter, and I had no end of trouble in finding it to return the notes and to tell her that I was not a commission-agent nor a private Turf-adviser. One gentleman holding a courtesy title, and who was related to a Premier of England, once wrote to me to advise him how to invest his last hundred pounds so as to turn it into a thousand. After considering the matter well over, I decided not to reply to the letter. I kept over a thousand letters, some years back, intending to have them published in book-form. But, when a literary adviser of mine told me that the communications were private and ought not to be printed, I committed them to the flames. The ladies are the most persistent letter-writers. Their letters are the most difficult to answer, and they take so much convincing.

The Spring Handicaps.

Marconi has been doing consistent work at Newmarket for the Lincoln Handicap. He has not missed a gallop since the break-up of the frost, and he should be very fit by the day of the race. Forfarshire and Harrow have both been actively employed, and of the country lot I hear very good accounts of Misunderstood. This mare was just about as big a good thing for a race in the autumn of last year, but she did not run. She was seen out only twice during the season, and was unplaced to David II. and Miss Tailor respectively. She is bound to win a big event if she keeps sound, and backers should never forget that Misunderstood is in the same stable as Kopely, who so unexpectedly beat Royal Flush at Nottingham. I think Misunderstood and Harrow will both run well at Lincoln. It is impossible to glean any reliable information about the Grand National horses. I am advised that Hidden Mystery, Manifesto, and County Council are best left alone. A gentleman who has ridden a winner of the Grand National told me, a day or two since, that anything could win it this year.

Local Meetings.

How is it some meetings do not catch on with the locals? I think it is because the gentry residing in the neighbourhood of the courses do not take any interest in racing. As is well known, Racing Clubs, to be successful, must have the support of

the county families, and it believes Clerks of Courses to appoint Club Managers that are likely to attract members. For instance, Captain Machell did well at Gatwick, Lord Marcus Beresford has done wonders at Manchester, and Mr. A. Coventry has proved a find to the Hurst Park Club. Mr. Hwfa Williams is a popular Club Manager at Sandown, and Mr. Portman-Dalton, who officiates at Kempton Park, is well known to half the nobility and aristocracy in England. There are many other popular Club Managers, but any one of those mentioned could be relied upon to attract members, and I think they fill their several positions well. It is necessary to have a strong Club attached to a racecourse in these days to make it a

success, and I am glad to hear that the Alexandra Park Club is well patronised. Club members are accorded big advantages in the matter of special trains, special stands, and, I might add, special terms, and it is more than ever evident that the Club system has come to stay.

First Favourites. A glance at the form-books will convince one that following first favourites is not a paying game, either on the flat or at steeplechasing. Many of the English jockeys fared very badly on first favourites running under Jockey Club Rules last year, why I know not. Some very funny reading could be got out of a racing guide. Take any horse that has been ridden by two or three different jockeys. It will be invariably found that the horse lost when he was made first favourite, while he won when at an outside price in the betting. There are several cases in the book of the sort I have mentioned, and they are simply inexplicable. Either the owners changed the jockeys because they were dissatisfied with them, or the horses would not give their running to some of them. I claim that the big hold the American jockeys have obtained in this country is because they one and all are able to make horses produce their proper form.

CAPTAIN COE.

BEND OR'S HONOURED OLD AGE.

We may be quite sure that one of the first living things visited by the young Duke of Westminster and his bride during the early days of their honeymoon was the venerable Bend Or, the famous racehorse which is said to have provided the then infant Lord Belgrave with a nickname, and which, in consideration of his past triumphs, is now spending a delightful and honoured old age in the palatial stables attached to Eaton Hall. Both the Duke and his new Duchess are exceedingly fond of horses and of riding—indeed, it is said that they first became acquainted the one with the other in the hunting-field.



BEND OR IN HIS OLD AGE AT HIS STABLES, EATON HALL, CHESTER.

Photo by Watmough Webster, Chester.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT is to be questioned whether a more melancholy, depressing, and generally lugubrious state of being is possible to the inhabitants of Hades than that which surrounds, suffocates, and saddens such British subjects as are at the present time compelled by horrid fate to stay on their own little island. An atmosphere of marrow-chilling cold and



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL GOWN WORN BY MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "PERIL."

Cimmerian, chocolate-coloured ether surrounds a nation garbed in black, bowed down by a shilling-in-the-pound income-tax, and now plunged forthwith into Lent. Small wonder that the happy those who can afford by reason of bloated bank-balance or other comforting circumstance to fly from this land of dreadful night should gird up their circumstances and cord up their boxes with all possible alacrity. Existence in London more especially becomes a nightmare, to which Edgar Allen Poe's playful imaginings are a cheerful bagatelle, during the months that intervene from October to April, and the force of contrast brought home to our minds by glib accounts of sunshine, violets, purple nights and rosy morns from friends in Egypt, Algeria, Madeira, Riviera, and other Olympian rendezvous but add to the verjuice of that cup which we must sip who sit and wither in north-east winds at home. Another unpleasant incident which noisily proclaims itself at this time of year in our soul-searching northern latitude is the national catarrh from which the nation perennially suffers. If one goes to church, the clergyman's flowing periods are drowned and overborne by outbursts of coughing and nose-blowing. At the play, in the critical moment of crime, or during the tenderest osculatory passages of *jeune premier* and leading lady, some dreadful old gentleman buries himself in his bandana or its equivalent, and that lets loose a perfect flood of laryngeal uproar from all parts of the house. I am well

convinced that blowing the nose in public should be raised to the dignity of a legal offence, as it is undoubtedly a social one, and that those elephantine trumpetings which are the peculiar characteristic of the robust elderly male should in particular be made the subject of severe chastisement.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who so successfully rattles some life into the dry bones of "Peril," wears several charmingly individualistic gowns in her character of the somewhat *démodé* Lady Ormond. Her white chiffon with fern-leaf embroideries wrought in white floss silk is very sinuous and seductive, and the blue cashmere day-gown she affects in the last Act is also both picturesque and becoming. A curious and very efflorescent effect is gained in the great scene by trailing draperies of pink spangled chiffon and tinselled gauze, though how long its ethereal folds will survive the energetic repulses and reprisals bestowed on a very unconvincing lover one cannot say. Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Fred Kerr are all too good for such a very middling play. Several stragglers of Strathcona's Horse were present on Thursday night, and very gallant, well-set-up looking fellows they were. The officers of that distinguished corps stayed at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, while in town.

London's hotels grow in magnificence and luxury every year. As one great hostelry is opened, it is usually found to have outstripped its latest predecessor in extravagant detail, and each season seems to bring some new palatial caravanserai into our midst, or the renovation and



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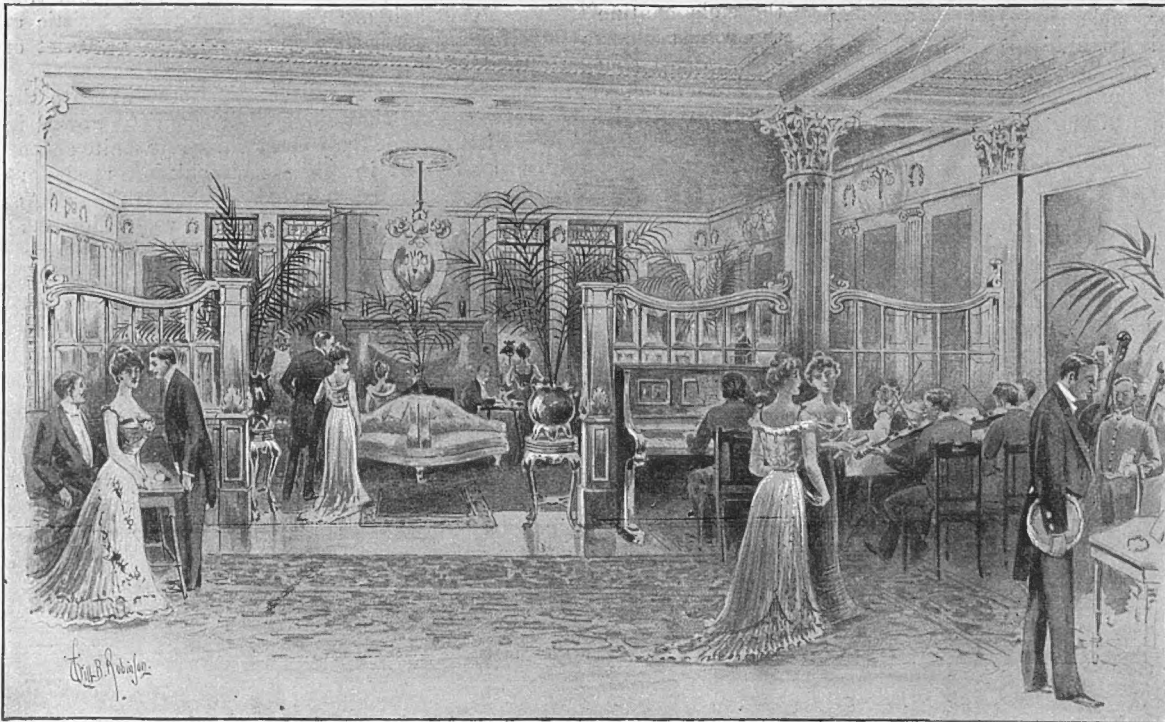
THE PRETTIEST DRESS AT THE LAST COVENT GARDEN BALL.

overhauling of an old favourite such as the Grosvenor, until it would seem as if the travelling world will soon find itself placed in the unsatisfactory condition of having nothing left to grumble at.

The latest object-lesson of the sort has been furnished by that favourite and pre-eminently comfortable Métropole, the excellent management of

which is so warmly appreciated by its many habitués. In addition to its various beautiful reception-rooms, this prince amongst Gordon Hotels now possesses an up-to-date lounge, which serves the double purpose

taken up by the War Office, on account of its importance as a nourishing food and its low price. The Liebig Company, whose productions are remarkable for excellence, are responsible for this latest departure.



THE LOUNGE AT THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE.

(shades of our prim grandmothers!) of a ladies' smoking-room as well. It is a charmingly designed room, set forth with artistic and reposeful upholstery, as this picture freely indicates. Besides this new lounge, a band has been retained to play in the restaurant during the dinner-hour, while its tintinnabulations are, later, heard from a new musicians' gallery in the hall, where loungers foregather afterwards. Did ancient innkeepers revisit glimpses of Metropolitan moons nowadays, how moved to scorn they would doubtless be at the soft places in which the lines of their patrons' posterity do lie! No sanded floors, nor brown October, nor churchwarden, nor four-poster of stuffy memory—it is indeed another order!



A GLORIFIED MUSICAL-BOX.

In a country house, where, with the best-intentioned hosts in the world, time will sometimes mark its flight too obviously, the newest form of glorified musical-box will be sure to appeal to a large section of the bucolic community. Nicole Frères, Holborn, who have long been accountable for most of this generation, have brought out a very daintily planned musical-box which looks something like a china-cabinet, and would stand either in a sufficiently

large hall or corridor and provide sweet sounds by the yard or mile as desired. Dance-music for the young and light-footed, pathetic ballads for sentimental ages, or awe-inspiring classics for severer constitutions, are included in the répertoire, while some obliging and distinctly ornamental clocks of the grandfather shape have also been introduced by these master mechanicians which, having duly announced the time, proceed to the lighter occupation of making it pass agreeably by setting an unthought-of internal orchestra in motion. Various other methods of music, from the ineffable gramophone to the mechanical piano, are exploited by Nicole Frères, whose show-rooms in Ely Place contain so many interesting developments of the musical-box since its first invention.

With the advent of spring, always a peculiarly trying season to those of delicate or enfeebled constitution, we find it imperative to bolster up languishing mortality with such pills and potions as may diffuse a greater vigour through this feeble frame. Spring is, in fact, the harvest of the family medico. Coughs, colds, chills, bronchitis, influenza, and other unconsidered trifles are rife and raging, decimating the household and uplifting the spirit of the general practitioner. To checkmate such distempers and frustrate the knavish tricks of our constitutions two remedies are advisable—tonics and nourishing food. There are two such articles of consumption pressed on my notice at the present moment by reason of their extreme applicability to the subject of this homily, one being "Oxo," a new beef-fluid containing the highest possible percentage of nutritive and stimulating ingredients. "Oxo" has already been

other side of the Atlantic are treasured in the memories of the members of the American Society in London, whose address of hearty sympathy to the King *The Sketch* has much pleasure in reproducing. This warmly worded address, faithfully reflecting the sentiments towards our Royal House of the President and the Ambassador of the United States, is signed by the Chairman, Mr. F. C. Vanduzer, and by Mr. R. Newton Crane, the Honorary Secretary of the American Society in London.

Newhaven and Dieppe Route to Paris.—The boat-trains running between Dieppe and Paris in connection with the 10 a.m. services from London and Paris are now composed of corridor carriages fitted with the electric-light. A restaurant-car is available to both first- and second-class passengers. On the journey to Paris *table d'hôte* dinner is served, and on the journey from Paris to Dieppe a light *déjeuner*.

I understand that the theatre which is being practically rebuilt on the site of the late Adelphi will be called "The New Century," a name which will in the future be both indicative of the date of its erection and of its embodying all that is newest and most approved as regards comfort and elegance. "The New Century" will be opened early in June with "The Whirl of the Town." The production of light musical comedies will almost exclusively engage the attention of the Management.

To His Majesty King Edward VII.

May it please Your Majesty to permit the Members of the American Society in London to give expression to the deep sense of personal bereavement felt by them on the death of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria of blessed memory whom they revered in common with Her subjects to venerate and revere as the greatest of Queens and the noblest of Women, and whose qualities as Wife and Mother inspired the unbounded admiration of all Mankind.

The Members of the American Society in London consider it an inestimable privilege to have lived under the rule of one whose life was consecrated to the task of promoting peace and goodwill among the nations of the earth, whose wise and prudent administration of the laws gave equal security to foreign and domestic commerce within Her realms, whose strength to the remotest corners of the British Empire, and by whose rare personal qualities the whole world has been taught how a Monarch can command the reverence and win the affection of a free people.

The Members of the American Society in London desire further to extend to Your Majesty their respectful congratulations upon Your accession to the ancient dignities of Your House and wish to unite with Your subjects in the prayer that the blessing of God may rest upon Your Majesty and Your Royal Consort, and that Your Majesty may long be spared to rule over a free, happy and prosperous people.

Signed on behalf of the
American Society in London

F. C. Vanduzer Chairman
R. Newton Crane Hon. Secretary

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12.

ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE reduction of the Bank Rate has had very little effect upon the markets. It was anticipated and discounted beforehand. "Oh, bother the Bank Rate!" as a jobber exclaimed; "what we want is to catch De Wet"—pretty well sums up the general feeling, which finds expression this week in our Stock Exchange artist's picture of the Kaffir Kraal with the British public hesitating at the door. While the Boxing Kangaroo show is closed for repairs, the Jungle deserted, and Uncle Sam doing by no means large business, the proprietors of the Kraal feel very confident that, with a little help from Lord Kitchener, they could do really good business, for the public stands at the door, and would very much like to come in.

YANKEES.

The first step in the decline of the American Railroad boom has begun, and, although there is apparently every disposition on the part of some of our Wall Street cousins to support their market, yet the falling-off in the volume of business transacted in New York is very significant. The most active wire-pullers are quietly retiring one by one; Morgan has gone yachting, the new Steel Trust notwithstanding, and other railroad "bosses" seem to yearn for retirement after their labours in accumulating fortunes during the last six months. Many of them, no doubt, will be wanting ready money to enable them to embark in new ventures, and then a host of shares must inevitably come on the market should money keep as dear in America as it has been this week. Support from London can hardly be expected. Humpty-Dumpty might as well have looked for shoring-up from the Man in the Moon as New York to London for maintaining the Yankee boom. Come down prices must, and that very shortly. The absurd values to which some of the gambling counters have been forced up cannot last, and with their fall there will also come about a declension of the whole market.

KENT COAL.

In reference to the great Kent Coal case, which has occupied the Lord Chief Justice of England and a Special Jury for eight days, a correspondent who was professionally concerned sends the following letter. The warning appears to come at a correct moment—

TO THE CITY EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH."

SIR,—Many morals may be deduced from the ignominious collapse of the plaintiff's case in the recent action of the Kent Coalfields Exploration Company against its late Directors and promoters. A certain deceased King, by name Ahab, put one of these morals succinctly and neatly to another King (also since deceased) called Ben-hadad (I. Kings xx. 11), and several others are equally obvious, but I am afraid the only moral which "The Man in the Street" will draw is—Buy Kent Coalfields.

Now, in my opinion, this is just the one moral which ought *not* to be extracted from the case. By all means let it teach angry shareholders that reckless charges of fraud are two-edged weapons, that mere suspicion is not evidence, and that a litigant ought to fight on the strength of his own case—not on the assumed weakness of his adversary's; but let it not induce him to think that anything fresh has been proved to make a prudent man invest money in the shares of the existing Amalgamated Company.

Though the existing Consolidated Company has a paper capital of something like a million and a quarter, it was admitted that it has only enough cash to sink to the first seam of coal—quite a thin seam—and must then raise more capital by Debentures, reconstruction, or otherwise, to open up the colliery and recover the coal. When this is done, it seems questionable whether one seam can be worked at a profit. If not, a great deal more money will be required to sink, perhaps another thousand feet, to the deeper and presumably thicker seams. After a couple more reconstructions, it will be time enough to think of buying the shares, and, meanwhile, it is well not to forget that, when (if ever) success is reached, there will be competition from any number of fresh collieries unencumbered by a million or more of paper capital, and handled by stronger financiers than Mr. Arthur Burr, or even Sir Owen Slucke and Mr. Florence O'Driscoll.—Yours faithfully,

KENT COAL.

SOME RECENT ISSUES.

There are a good many people asking at the present time whether they can take a share in the development of electric traction in West London. The swish of the London United Tramways' cars as they rush along during the wee sma' hours has penetrated the ear of the investor, who clamours aloud for shares. But there are none publicly issued. The

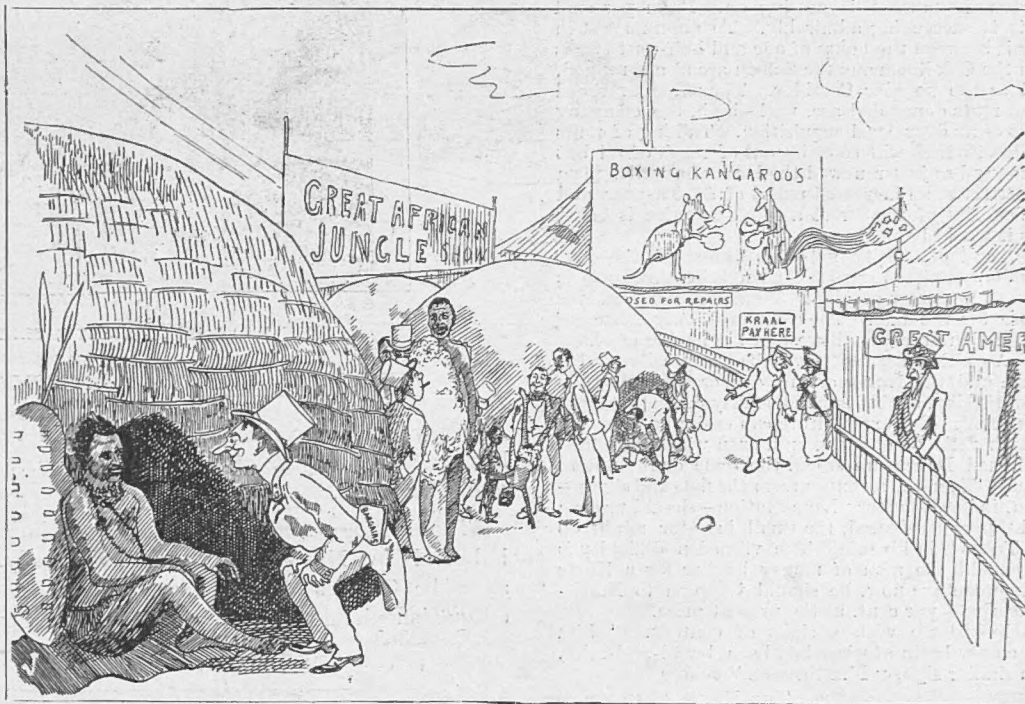
company made a public offer of Four per Cent. Debenture stock a month or two ago, and this is now quoted at 2 to 4 premium for the Special Settlement. A large proportion of the Company's share capital is held by the Imperial Tramways Company, a Bristol enterprise whose shares stand at 22½. Only through the purchase of these can the prospective buyer of London United Tramways carry out his desires, except, of course, through the medium of the Debenture stock just mentioned.

Attractively cheap are the new 6 per cent. Preference shares of the British Electric Traction Company. Offered at £11 10s. for the £10 share, they return an investor the handsome rate of 5½ per cent. on the money at the issue price, and they can be secured at about ten shillings premium in the market. As a good second-class investment they would be difficult to beat, the one thing against them being their narrow negotiability, the market at times shrinking to very slight proportions. These shares appear quite as attractive in their class as Central London Four per Cent. Debenture stock does in its own. Not a Trustee investment, "Tube" Debenture pays £3 7s. on the money, which is about ½ per cent. more than the return that can be got from the gilt-edged debenture stocks of other Home Rails. The stock is irredeemable. The man who puts his money into such stocks as we have indicated will probably do far better than he would by taking shares in the latest West African creations.

SOUTH AFRICANS.

There has been some check to the Kaffir revival about which we were writing last week, and the South African market looks desolately dull once more. But it should be noted that values hold their ground very pertinaciously, and it looks as though—accidents barred—the prices of last Christmas will not be seen again for some considerable period. In

our frequent passages around the Kaffir Market we hear continually the familiar confidence about good news bringing in its wake good prices, and so deeply has this feeling, or superstition—call it what you will—sunk into the minds of operators that only the most daring ones will sell shares speculatively, and that in a tentative, half-hearted fashion. The Stock Exchange is and always was a bull of Kaffirs, just as the public is; but the House knows what the outsider does not—namely, that only by pushing up quotations in spirited earnest can the public be induced to take that hand in the game which shall relieve the professionals of



THE KAFFIR KRAAL: THE NEXT FINANCIAL BOOM.

their holdings. There is, however, an obvious reluctance on the part of the big houses to begin a boom without any special ground to go upon, and so the market languishes, albeit at high prices. In merry days, the best things to buy are the speculative shares, Rand Mines, East Rand, Goldfields, and Gold Trust. For mining shares proper, commend us to Apex or to Knights. Chartered are a very steady market, but it takes enormous exertion to raise the price to the extent of ½, there are so many shares outstanding.

Just lately there has been a movement to introduce Stratton's Independence shares to the Kaffir Circus. In connection with this, we may modestly remark that those who picked up Stratton's at a guinea last January on our advice have had good opportunities for securing 75 per cent. profit on their speculation, which isn't so bad, as times go.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Far from the madding crowd of Mining Markets, the Consol contingent keeps its countenance calm amid the excitements of the hour, and almost it would appear that Goschens at last have some chance of again attaining par. A bold prediction, doubtless, and one perhaps for whose fulfilment the buyer of Consols must wait until the Budget is out and over. After that, come more Goschens, come more St. Michaels, methinks the gilt-edged markets will lift up their drooping heads again, and the patient spirits of trustees will arise from their bonds as quickly as certain other spirits are getting out of theirs (in the singular) in anticipation of increased Excise duties. Ah, well! some of us have waited long enough, and longer, for an improvement in investment securities, and at last the dawn may fairly be discerned. If only there were a chance of changing the present middle-headed Government for a business-like and a less mutually admiring body, I should say buy Consols for all you are worth. But, as that happy consummation at present seems afar off, I merely venture to suggest that the purchase of Consols to a moderate degree may turn out a profitable speculation in the near future. And, if it shouldn't, there is always the satisfaction of knowing that it was in supporting one's country that the money was lost. The feelings of a bear of Consols who loses money on his deal must be of a character too painful for description.

It is waggishly observed in the Trunk Market that the snowstorms in Canada are more or less the outcome of bear imaginations, or perhaps some of the bears in the Rockies start the snowstorms, acting in conjunction with their fellow-animals in Throgmorton Street. Anyway, the Trunk Market nowadays lives in continual dread of snowstorms, otherwise perhaps the First Preference would show a better front. It is as well to remember that the stock carries 3½ per cent. in dividend, which reduces the price to about 88, at which it should look cheapish to the speculative investor. But I should not advise a purchase with the idea of contangoing the stock in the market, rates being ridiculously stiff, as a rule. If the buyer cannot, or does not wish to, pay for the stock out of his own funds, let him go to his bank and arrange a loan there. Most bankers would do the business gladly for a customer of good standing, such as all readers of *The Sketch* City Notes are, of course. A margin of 10 or 15 per cent. would be required and interest charged at one per cent. over the Bank Rate. This works out, at the present minimum, to a considerable advantage for the purchaser. If only speculators had the courage and the gumption to get their banks to take up on their behalf the stocks they are running in the House, they would save a very large sum every year in interest, to say nothing of the strength which such operations would impart to the markets in which they deal.

Verb. sap.

It is so easy to chirrup about a suggestion's acceptance that I really feel a sort of shyness in referring to an important little change of front on the part of the Stock Exchange Committee which was proposed months ago in these letters. But we said at the time how unfair it was for the Stock Exchange Committee to officially inform the newspapers of the failure of House members, when they were silent upon the return of the defaulters to the House. Just lately, the Committee have quietly sent notices to the Press whenever members have been reinstated, and this, I submit, is only what they should do. The difficulty lies, of course, in the fact that, when a defaulter has paid up like a Houseman and is allowed to return to the fold, he does not always care for the announcement to be blazoned abroad in consequence of the notice drawing renewed attention to the fact of his once having failed to satisfy his creditors. This, however, is a motive that operates in comparatively few cases, and we rejoice that the Stock Exchange Committee have awakened, tardily though it be, to a recognition of the injustice about which we wrote strongly in these columns last year.

Let an eye be kept on Lyons shares. The market is at the moment as quiet as a churchyard, but a day of resurrection will be coming soon. It is often asked how the new Throgmorton Restaurant is getting on. From personal observation, I should say that it is succeeding admirably. To obtain a seat in the Corridor without waiting for it between the hours of one and half-past two is well-nigh impossible, while both the Oak Room and the Saloon are also thronged, although not to the same extent as the popular Corridor. The offices overhead are letting by degrees, and as the rents demanded are, well—high, the company should soon be feeling the benefit of its deep-level acquisition. Talking of rents reminds me that Throgmorton Street offices will soon be out of reach of all but millionaires. The Drapers' Company has just renewed the lease of a well-known firm of brokers in Throgmorton Street at an increased rental of £150 a-year, and for some of the rooms at the West End of the Street a fabulous price is being asked. No doubt in boom times it would be paid.

The electric age is upon us, and electricity gets the orders of the day. Central London shares are gradually popularising with the small investor who is content to put up with a return on his money of about 3 guineas per cent. for the sake of the prospects in store for the line. The company's only chance of salvation at present lies in the reduction of expenditure and the letting of shops and flats in or over its stations. A quicker service it will be practically unable to achieve for some time to come, and the trains are now as crowded as they possibly can be at the busy times of the day, so that it may be fairly taken that large traffic-increases must not be expected. But expenditure can easily be reduced: 58½ per cent. is an exceedingly high ratio of charges, and, even with the added burden of interest on the newly issued Debenture stock, the scale ought not to exceed 52 per cent. in normal times. Then the revenues from the flats and shops—the first shop, I hear, is now open, in the Chancery Lane Station—should prove a powerful aid to revenue, and, all things considered, the small investor might do worse than look up "Twopenny Tubes" in his safe. The vibration difficulty is likely to end in smoke. But, should the man of money hanker for a Home Railway stock that yields a good percentage now, he should jump on to North-Eastern "Consols," which pay nearly 3½ per cent. at the present price.

The little boy at breakfast looked up with a sight of content. "I'm through," he said, exhibiting an empty basin of what had been bread-and-milk. And, laying down his pen with a similar sigh, "I'm through" echoes

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE SANITAS COMPANY.

For people who like a steady Industrial share which can always be turned into money and will pay a reasonable rate of dividend, the shares of this company have been over and over again recommended in these columns, and the meeting which was held on the 20th inst. confirms the good opinion we have held of the concern. The balance of available profit allows a dividend of 7½ per cent. to be paid for the year, £2000 to be placed to reserve, and over £2000 to be carried forward. The total sales show a satisfactory increase, and, as usual, several novelties have been introduced. The company and its business are so well known, and its position as the largest disinfectant manufacturers in the world so firmly established, that it can hardly fail to maintain its prosperity so long as the management remains in competent hands.

Saturday, Feb. 23, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. W.—We cannot find the company you write about. It has left both addresses given many years, and a solicitor who once acted for it says he thinks it is dead and buried long ago. There is no such company in the Directory. You might write to the detective department of the City Police in Old Jewry, E.C., and perhaps they could find out something for you.

H. S. (Shanghai).—The shares are quoted at 6¼-6½. As to what the company is doing, we should say "nothing at present," for reasons that you know all about far better than we do. If peace is coming quickly, and order follows in its train, the Syndicate will probably come out on top, for it holds coal and other valuable concessions. The answer to your question depends on the future of China, of which you can judge better than we can.

MEMBER OF THE S.E.—Thanks for your letter.

G. B. C.—Your letter was answered on the 18th inst. We have been unable to get reliable information as to the life of the Nitrate grounds.

BRITISH AMERICA.—We cannot read your signature, and hope you will recognise the answer to your letter under this heading. The position of the whole Globe group is so mysterious that we can only say, let them alone. A great deal turns on the reconstruction of the parent company, of which all sorts of conflicting stories are flying about. Of the mines, perhaps the two Indian ventures may be worth picking up.

G. H.—We wrote you fully on the 19th inst.

PHILOMELUS.—Very doubtful. For our own money we should prefer East Rands or Goldfields.

J. D.—The best of your list is Witwatersrand Deep, but there are too many holders in the House (who will all be keen to take a profit) to please us. If you want a lock-up, try Rand Victoria, South Rose Deep, or Simmer East, or for a gamble some active shares, such as East Rands or Barnato Consolidated, but these depend on the course of the War.

IRONOPOLIS.—If you want to throw away a few pounds, you had far better give it to a hospital or some other deserving charity, such as the City Editor of this paper. The people are touts of the worst sort.

W. C. M.—The Debentures are not the sort of thing we should recommend, but probably the income is reasonably safe. Industrial Trust Unified stock, or Globe Telegraph shares, or Notting Hill Electric Light Preference, should suit you. We have a strong tip that these last will improve in value.

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